The SPHERE

Vol. CXXI. No. 1588 JUNE 28, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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MAGNESIA

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which used to be patronised by H.M. King Edward (when Prince of Wales), is still the home of the English Aristocracy. There were more English guests in the STEPHANIE in 1929 than any year before.

Pension from M.22—and with private bath from M.28. Except race week.

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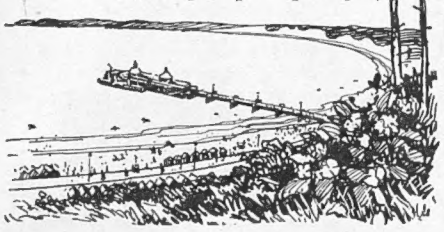

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS — THE HUB OF THE WORLD

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Swan & Edgar's Summer Sale begins on Monday, June 30th. All stocks of Fashions and General Merchandise have been genuinely reduced.

A unique collection of Model Gowns and Coats, Outsize and Small Size modes will be cleared at big reductions during the Sale.

"Aberfoyle." *"Dartmoor."*

"Rosette." *"Romance."*

"ABERFOYLE." Practical and becoming Coat in all wool Homespun multi-coloured Tweed in the newest design. The flared skirt and new shaped cuffs are important features. Trimmed nutria lamb collar, and pockets and cuffs bound with contrasting shade to tone. Lined satin rayon. In navy, green or brown. Sizes: small women's and women's.

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Sale Price £6

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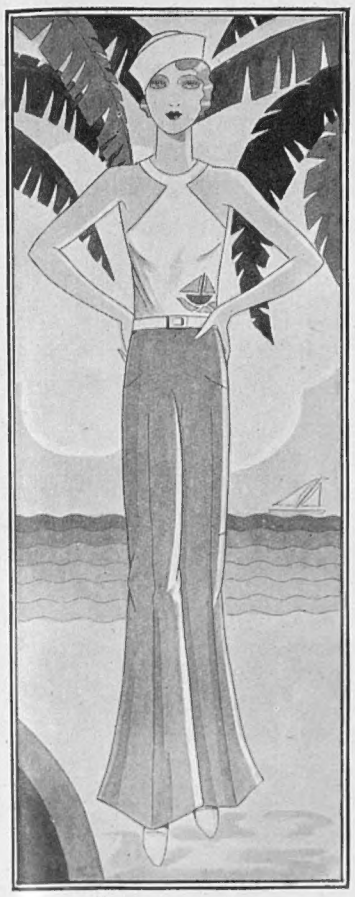

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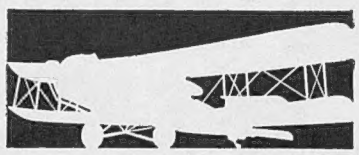

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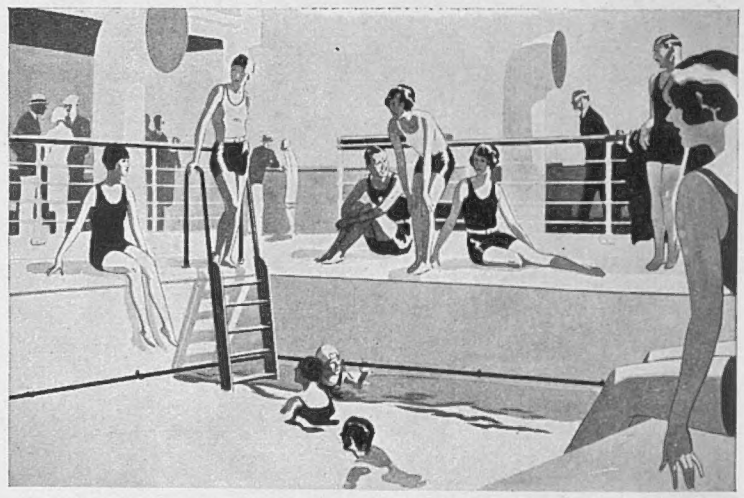

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THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXI. No. 1588 Price One Shilling. Postage {Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.} London, June 28, 1930

THE KING, NOW FIT,

at the Thanksgiving Service for the preservation of

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

The Cathedral of the Empire's Capital is now, after many moons, secure, and a thanksgiving service was held on Wednesday in celebration of the event. The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York drove down the Strand and Fleet Street to the service and returned via the Embankment. Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, and Prince George were also present. The two pictures above show the King and Queen passing the home of "The Sphere," Inveresk House, and the reception at the Cathedral of His Majesty by the imposingly robed Clergy. Special gates were erected.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

A BRITISH DEFEAT: Mr. Robert Jones who has succeeded in the double event—the Open and the Amateur—in the golf world. Despite a flattering third round by A. Compston (68—a record for the Hoylake course), Mr. Jones went round in 291. America had four places in the first five

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, June 25, 1930.

Mr. Snowden's Petulance.—There are many sufficient causes why Mr. Snowden is unable to achieve the Olympian calm of such men as Speakers are made of, such as Lord Ullswater or Mr. Whitley. A Chancellor and a Speaker require very different qualifications. But Mr. Snowden's temperament does no service to the State, to his party, or to himself, and his petulance runs in a vicious circle, and is fed upon the results it achieves. It wastes the valuable time of the House, causes all-night sittings which inevitably result in the skimping of consideration due to vitally important causes. It is no satisfaction to know that he is killing himself by his labours, since his labours would achieve far better results if he could spare himself by controlling his temper. A snubbed Opposition is an obstructive Opposition. Our Opposition to-day is certainly lazy and ill-inspired, but it possesses experience of government beside which Mr. Snowden's is paltry, and he has no possible excuse—nor has any member of the present Government—for imitating the imperial contempt for Parliament patented by Mr. Asquith.

Ascot Makes History.—Epsom has flourished her Hermit's Derby in Ascot's face for decades. But from Good Queen Anne's day until now the elements have never dared to lay destructive hands on Royal Ascot, or give her a Roland for Epsom's Oliver. But the elements have caught the spirit of Bolshevism and are no respecters of persons henceforward, and Ascot 1930 can silence Epsom 1867—effectually. For Hermit's snowstorm was a myth; but last Wednesday's cloud-burst a very grim reality in which the London dressmakers played the part of Mr. Chaplin and paterfamilias took the melancholy rôle of Lord Hastings. I have no doubt that there was a grin on the face of the underdog at the sight of so much fashion in distress, so much expensive vanity bedraggled. But Ascot in fact has ever been as much a people's holiday as a fashionable and exclusive function, and the racing crowd is shrewdly conservative, knowing well on which side its bread is buttered and on whom its circuses depend. If Jupiter turns Bolshevik, it will hit all classes equally hard. It is a lesson to be learned from Russia and from Ascot alike.

An Old New Crisis.—A study of the Simon Reports has naturally led one further afield in search for information about the history and problems of British rule in India—a subject so deplorably new to most of us. One was inclined to think that the problem of self-government — native aspirations brought to an acute form while the bulk of India's millions still remain almost in a state of barbarism—is something quite new. It has surprised me to re-read Macaulay and to find a large number of the statistical bombshells served out by Sir John Simon anticipated by Macaulay, in his Warren Hastings and elsewhere, and stressed by him on precisely the same grounds. And it is really instructive to take down and read again Wilfrid Blunt's amusing and "revolutionary" diary of events, 1900–14 (Part II) in regard to India and Egypt. It was, by the way, a feather in the cap of the Press (which Sir John Simon acknowledged) to find how uniformly and how shrewdly most journals summarized the chief features of his report.

The Tattoo.—We have not forgotten, we have positively improved, our unrivalled national genius for organization. If you doubt, remember the Tattoo at Aldershot and recall the smooth running of the one-way network of car parks, and subsequently of the handling of vast bodies of men. The Aldershot Tattoo is an institution which must not die. For one thing, it is the least Jingo entertainment you could well see. It forces you to admire courage and discipline and to loathe war. The great moments in this year's Tattoo are: firstly and as ever the fade-out of the massed pipers among the darkling woods; secondly, the momentary tableaux of the final phases of Dettingen; thirdly, the lighting effect of the massing of all troops for the finale. The Elizabethan episode, on the other hand, quite failed to grip, and was a lengthy, clumsy, tiresome business. Humour is not required at a searchlight tattoo. The torchlight evolutions are unfortunately staged for the Royal box, and the thousands of spectators at the wings miss much of the patiently-won precision of that number. On a gloriously warm night like the opening night the Tattoo is a quite ideal entertainment. The fact that the show would lose nothing by cutting and finishing a full hour earlier is forgotten in the scented, balmy night.

A Glut of Sporting Thrills.—We are now right in the middle of the greatest fortnight of sport in one year, and that means in the world. The first Test has done nothing to weaken interest in the Test matches, on the contrary it has enhanced it. With a seasoning of new blood, the struggle is now resumed at Lord's, and, given a fine week-end, the attendance is bound to beat all records. In spite of Wimbledon! The London Championships (the poor man's Wimbledon) at Queen's, and the first days of the Wimbledon fortnight, have given promise of interesting finals and of unexpected reversals of proved, and triumphs of unproved, players. We have hardly lost the habit of searching for golf results in the stop-press, or ceased to talk about the inevitable victory of Bobby Jones in the Open. Ascot has given way to the Horse shows, Henley is beginning to prepare for its little day, and Lord's will continuously rake in money until after the Eton and Harrow.

Wimbledon.—Everyone agrees that the only fly in Wimbledon's stimulating ointment is the everlasting certainty of the issue of the Ladies' Singles. The old proverb, *Where there's a Wills there's a way*, needs to be made an exception of. Since Lenglen first burst on an admiring Centre Court the tennis "Oaks" has always had an odds-on certainty. It is not quite the same thing with the Wimbledon "Derby." The Frenchmen have too long carried off the blue ribbon, but there is at any rate a competition among the French stables. Personally I have such faith in that melancholy wizard, Cochet, with his stoat-like persistence, that I cannot see the end of France's triumphs. In modern lawn tennis I fear that youth will be served, and I fear for Tilden, for five sets may well mean fifty hard-fought games under a grilling sun. Because of the gruelling in this event I have no hope for Austin, who lacks stamina still. As for Moon's total eclipse almost at zero hour, I deplore it. I am very constant in my tennis favourites. Still I worship at the shrine of the fascinating "Cilly," and should love to see her come through to the final in the singles and snatch the mixed doubles from Mrs. Whittingstall or Miss Ryan.

A Friend of England.—The death of Mr. Percy Chubb of New York was almost as widely mourned in England as in America. For a quarter of a century he was a regular autumn visitor, and for over twenty years he was tenant of the Cawdor moors. Under his management, and inspired by his zeal and enthusiasm, those famous moors showed a consistent record of sport almost without parallel. He patiently acquired a very thorough knowledge of one of the most difficult sciences of sport, grouse driving, and he became a very efficient shot. He was an all-round sportsman, a keen fisherman, a noted yachtsman. As a host he was without rival. He possessed to an extraordinary degree the art of making people happy and gay, and of getting the best out of every kind of nature. He was one of the best friends that America ever gave to England, and few rich men made a better use of wealth. His own was acquired entirely by his personal initiative, unflagging industry, and high integrity. To make others happy was with him the finest of all the great sports and games in a world brimful of interests. He was a man of very strong character, and never for a moment sacrificed his principles nor his nationality, in which he took the deepest pride. But for all that he found his way into the minds of Englishmen and Scotsmen, and in the high hills of Nairnshire his name was, and will be, loved and revered. Strength and sympathy, courage, gaiety, simplicity—these were the qualities which made him beloved and honoured among two great nations.

A BRITISH VICTORY: Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston and Captain Woolf Barnato who, by superb driving of their Bentley and by the heroic tactics of their team-mates, wrested victory from the German Mercedes (which cracked up) driven by Herr Carriocola in the Twenty-four hour Endurance Grand Prix at Le Mans. A Bentley was second. British Talbots ranked third and fourth. The course record was also broken by the Barnato-Kidston combination

Double-Barrelled.—Lord Noel-Buxton's change of surname obviously indicated his coming choice of title. The Liberal and Labour Parties have for twenty years or more shown their dislike of changing their names on elevation or assuming territorial titles. Indeed Lord Oxford's choice has always seemed to many a (not inexplicable) mystery and a curious anomaly. Lord Noel-Buxton has succeeded in actually retaining his signature to which he had grown accustomed from youth, and I think no other peer ever did this before unless we cite the case of Brougham, who wilfully signed "H. Brougham" long after his elevation. Indeed, there have been but two or three peers with double-barrelled surnames. Lord Muir-Mackenzie occurs to me. Lady Byron sometimes called herself Lady Noel-Byron. But none of these instances is an exact counterpart of Lord Noel-Buxton's expedient.

A Neglected Exhibition.—A love of art was said to be the motive-force which drew us in our 100,000's to sweat and jostle before the Italian pictures last spring. We are well aware that it was Press propaganda, the only clover which sheep find irresistible. All the more surprising to me that even the serious newspapers accorded so lamentably meagre a notice to the wonderful Exhibition of English Medieval Art now open (to the lucky few who think for themselves) at the Victoria and Albert. Here is a collection of gems—ranging from the eighth to the sixteenth century—the work of those often-anonymous craftsmen who accomplished for England what the famous craftsmen of Florence accomplished for the Italian Renaissance. With infinite labour Mr. Maclagan has brought together much of what is rarest and most perfect in the public and private collections of these islands and of America, in illuminated missals, sculpture, plate, tapestry.

Gems Beyond Price.—There is the Gospel of St. John, taken from St. Cuthbert's coffin in 1104, showing an example of leather bookbinding, done in the seventh century, as new and as perfect as the best specimens of eighteenth-century work. The jewelled mitre of William of Wykeham, as well preserved as when he wore it. Almost without exception there are the twenty best examples of our medieval illuminated missals, including the best of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's collection. There is the Winchester Bible in three great volumes executed in 1160–70; the Sherborne Missal done by a monk in the fourteenth century, with its pigments and gold leaf a miracle of unfading loveliness, and its coloured pictures, "taken from life," of all the English song birds which came year by year to the Abbey grounds. There is the Ramsey Abbey censer and incense boat which lay for 500 years at the bottom of a mere, and returned to our ken only the other day, "as new."

But . . . it Costs Nothing.—There is a purple pall, among miracles of art and loveliness, which alone repays a visit to the Museum, and the Fayrey Pall of Dunstable. There are the four miniatures representing daily scenes in the Courts of Law in the fifteenth century from the Inner Temple; the brass lectern from Yeovil Church, Pepys's fourteenth-century sketch book, and half the famous cups and mazers over which experts have raved in the last decade. The exhibition is free; it can be enjoyed by anyone unhurried, unjostled, in absolute peace. It is in every sense a priceless exhibition, a thrilling experience, an eye-opener, a lesson, and a stimulant. It *is* England, it is the best of England skimmed from the centuries. It could by itself make the London Season of 1930 a notable one. And it is being neglected by the silly sheep we are. I haven't the least doubt that if it were held in Sir Philip Sassoon's house at an entrance charge of 10s. the exhibition would be packed from dawn to dusk. And (if you please) we despise the Victorians both as Philistines and as hypocrites.

THE OLD STAGER.

"BELLES" RINGING THE CHANGES! Miss Hilary Foster, the well-known black and white artist, and Miss Madge Francis, whose fame is elocutionary, proceed down Knightsbridge to the early morning session of London's Lido, the Serpentine. It is symptomatic of 1930—and of the fine weather we have enjoyed recently—that such costumes are permissible and possible in the metropolis

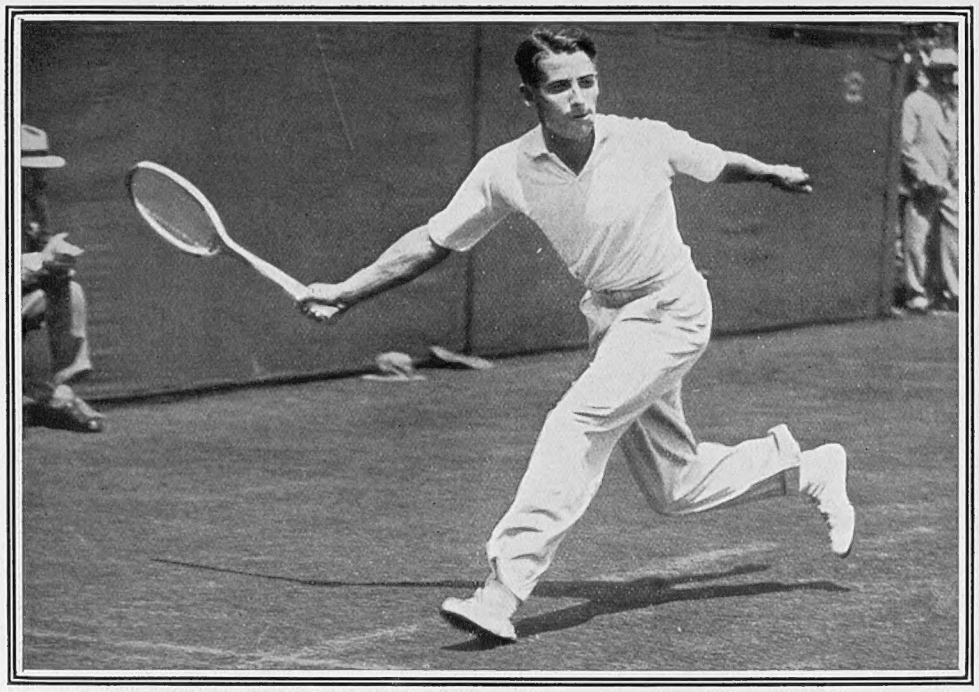
THE ARTISTS' PARADISE: St. James's Park is rapidly becoming a Mecca for the artistic set—and no wonder! Such a scene as this, with its brilliant colouring, its placid stream, and its air of spaciousness and stateliness, proves an inevitable inspiration to plyers of brush-on-canvas. Overseas visitors are particularly struck with the sylvan charm of the Park

LONDON in JUNE

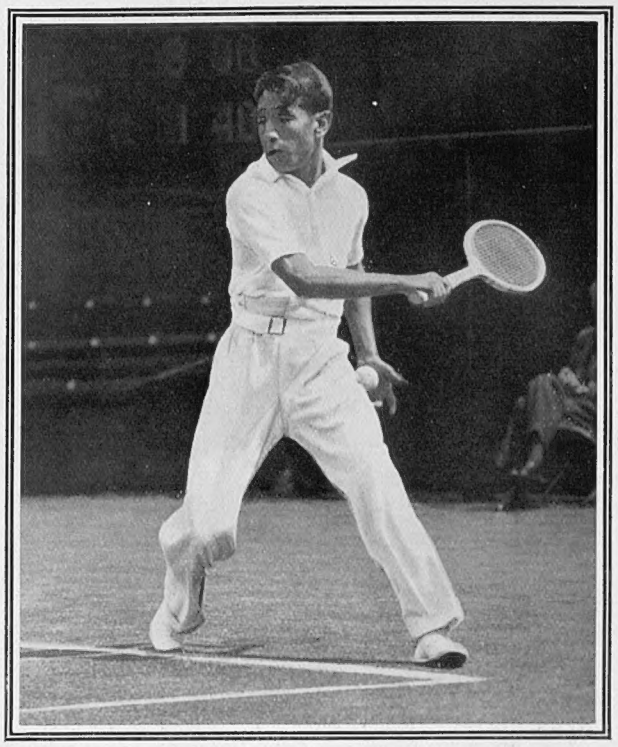
WIMBLEDON:

Rounds One and Two

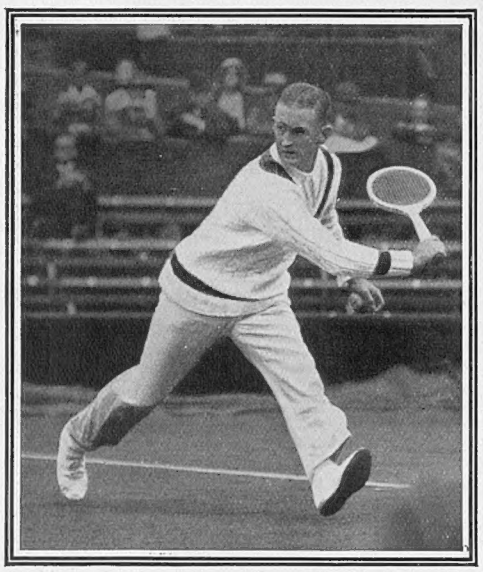
Action Pictures of Stellar Players



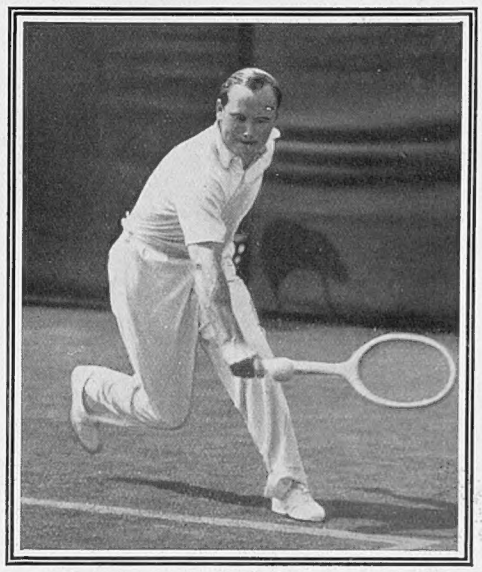
BRITAIN'S FIRST STRING: H. W. (Bunny) Austin who defeated his opponents with comparative ease in rounds one ana two. In his second match he disposed of the Egyptian first string, J. Grandguillot, who, however, put up a game fight in set two



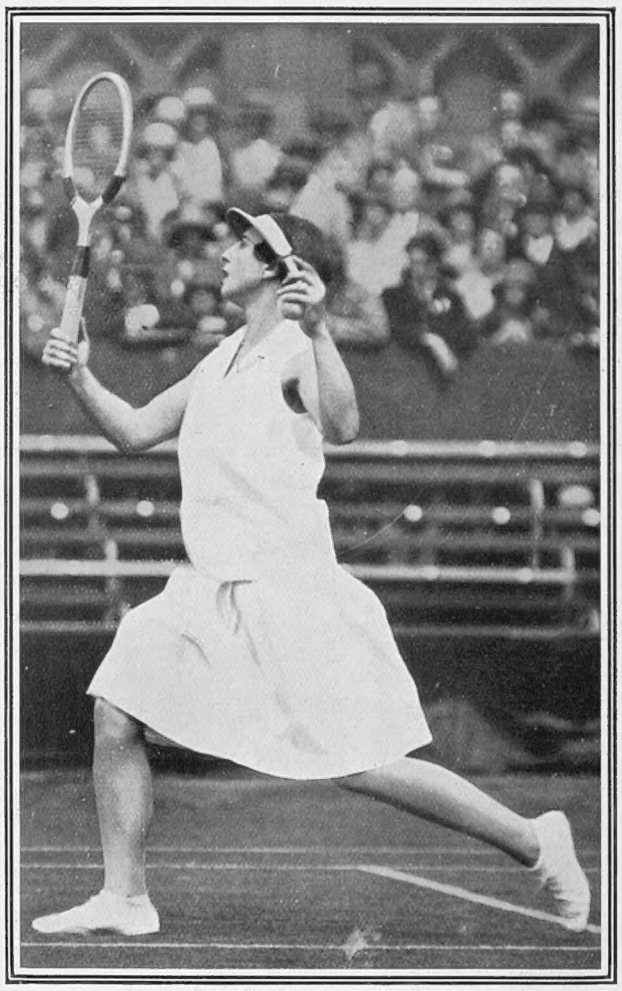
INDIA'S BEST. Madan Mohan, who will be a probable for the All-England Plate. He went down to J. Crawford of Australia, a player with every stroke



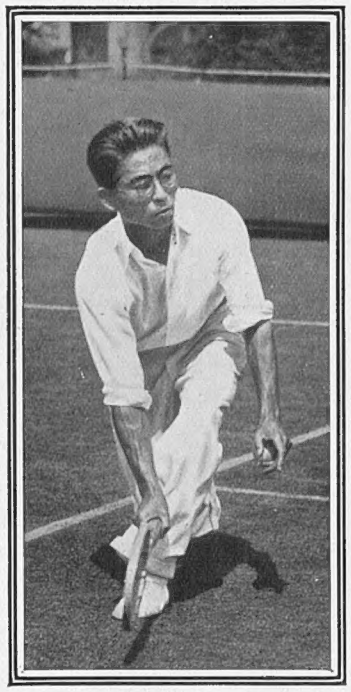
THE AUSTRALIAN HOPE: J. Crawford, who now that E. F. Moon is disposed of, represents the strong Antipodean challenge



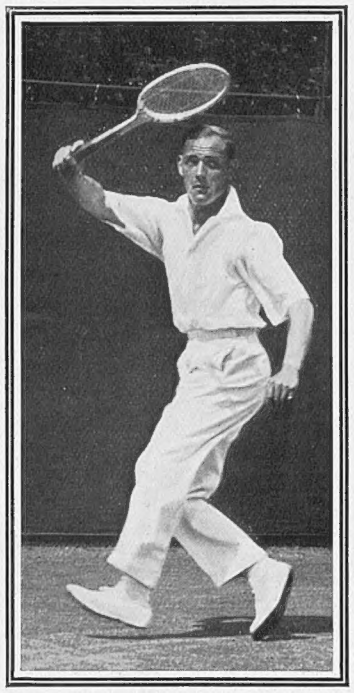
SOMETIMES WILD BUT VERY POWERFUL: J. S. Oliff in play against K. C. Gander Dower, who defeated him



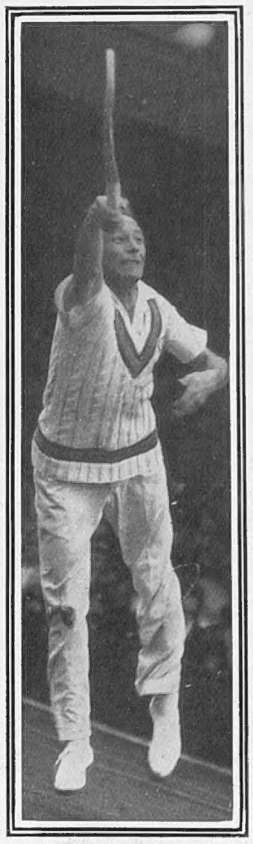
IN INVINCIBLE FORM: Mrs. Wills-Moody who defeated with the loss of but three games a conqueror of the Señorita, Fräulein Krahwinkel



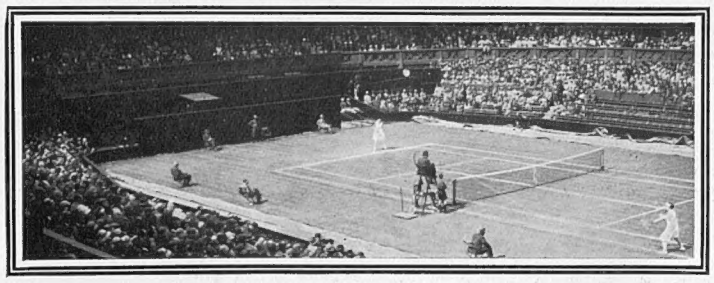
A WRISTY PLAYER FROM JAPAN: T. Abé, who exploits the low volley and the drop shot



AN UNEXPECTED VICTOR: H. F. David, who defeated H. Kleinschroth in straight sets



BOUNDING STILL: Borotra, idol of the crowd, defeated Crosbie (Ireland) in straight sets



PRESENTED ON HER MARRIAGE AT THE CENTRE COURT: Mrs. Wills-Moody and Miss H. Krahwinkel in play

VICTOR VANQUISHED: Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody and Fräulein Krahwinkel of Germany

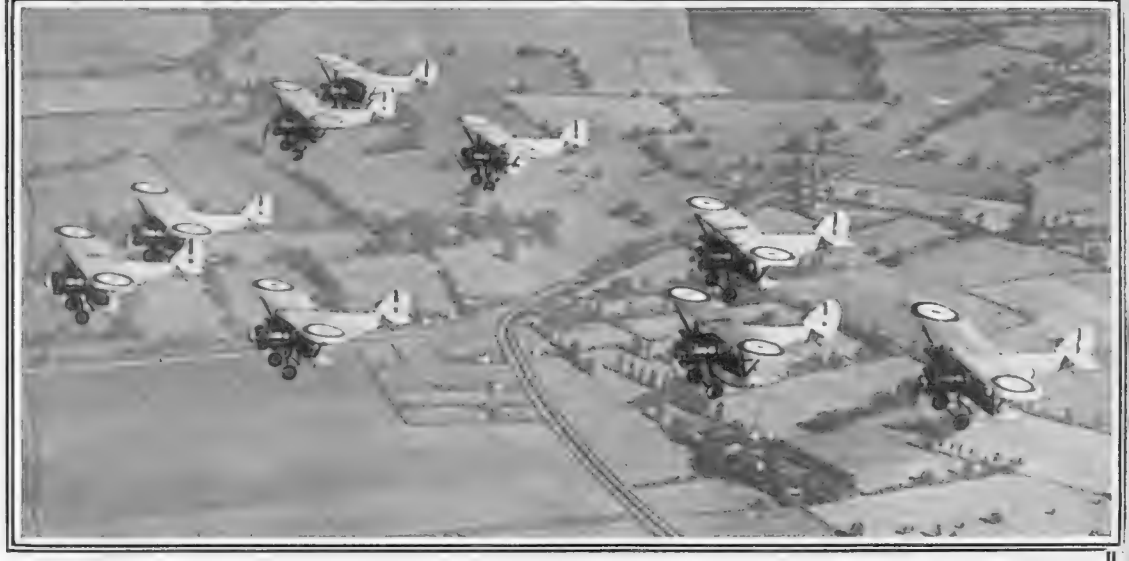
Tennis notes from our special correspondent at Wimbledon appear on p. 688

NEWS from the AIR WORLD

CONQUERORS OF THE ATLANTIC: Mr. J. Stannage (wireless), Captain Saul (navigator), Captain Kingsford-Smith (leader), and Captain Vandyk (relief pilot) —the crew of the Southern Cross

THE CONQUEROR OF OCEANS: The Southern Cross, *in which Captain Kingsford-Smith vanquished the Pacific and the Atlantic. Weather conditions were reported unfavourable, as there was so much fog over the Grand Banks. But despite this handicap the airmen landed at Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, short of petrol*

AN ACE NOT AT WIMBLEDON: Miss Amy Johnson, the strenuous, has a game of tennis at Government Residency on her arrival in Australia



ROPED TOGETHER FOR THE R.A.F. DISPLAY: A squadron of home defence (Siskin) fightin 'planes. This squadron is taking part in the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon to-day (Saturday). Three 'planes are roped together with elastic cord and carry out their stunts with their ropes unbroken—a stern test for accuracy and precision of movement

OFFICIAL CONGRATULATIONS: Miss Amy Johnson chats with Captain Bird, a representative of C. C. Wakefield and Company, on arrival at Port Darwin

ON ARRIVAL: Miss Amy Johnson's sunny smile on her debarkation at Port Darwin after her triumphant flight which so nearly broke Hinkler's record

SINGER AND CARTOONIST: Autori, the Sicilian, caricatures himself. He has sung leading baritone rôles at Covent Garden this season

REHEARSAL TIME at Covent Garden

By W. HOLT-WHITE

Outside the Opera House the hot sunshine of high-noon beats down on the stone setts which divide the market-place of song from the market place of vegetables in Covent Garden.

The vast building looms up forbidding as a gaol and gloomy as a dock-side warehouse. In London we imprison *il bel canto* in a barracks.

Within, at high-noon, at rehearsal time, it is as black as the witching hour on a moonless night. Here are no swaying sirens in truncated skirts such as steer you by the light of electric torches between the Scyllas of the "five bobs" and the Charybdis of the "half crowns" in scented cinemas *de luxe;* only an unsympathetic male who, prodding from behind, thrusts you forward down circuitous corridors.

"Two steps up. Round to the left. Feel the brass rail on the right? Now then! Five steps up. Mind how you go."

Crash!!

"Hang it, I knew you'd break your neck!" But my neck is all right. It's my shin.

No matter. I have dived from an Inferno from which Dante might have shrunk into—Paradise. For now that at last I am in the auditorium, and instantly there is imposed upon my senses the warm, comforting, ineffably alluring radiance of a lighted stage. There is no light in the world so dreamlike.

I stand staring at the stage accustoming my eyes to its radiance. *Otello* is the opera for rehearsal, and this setting I gather is the forecourt of the king's palace. The stage is empty of all human life and the house dark about me. I grope for a seat and crash again. This time there is a high-pitched human squeal. I have blundered into something pleasantly plump and feminine.

"God save us all," says a rich voice with a rich Irish brogue.

Stammering, apologising, craning to see whom my too solid flesh has injured, I discern faintly in the shadows some corn-coloured hair and a pair of mischievous sapphire eyes. My guide introduces the dim, delightful lady. She is Margherita Sherridan, who is to be Desdemona two nights hence.

She forgives me, and I take oath there and then never to strangle her. Otello's rôle is not for me when they come from Mayo.

I can see better now. I can make out shapes in the loggias on the farther side. Singers they are, I am told, "stars" and lesser lights who have come to listen and to learn. To pick up "tips." It seems they are always learning, these singing folk. When they are not on the stage they are enjoying from the auditorium a sort of busman's holiday every day.

And now a grey-haired figure stalks with a gentle melancholy across the stage. In the centre he pauses and lifts a sad eye at the castle battlements which frown back at him. Next he regards with fixed attention the steps which lead up to a terrace. He has the air of an archæologically-minded tourist inspecting ancient monuments.

Then he strolls away, passing a reflective thumb along a balustrade. Exit George King, stage-manager, who has witnessed that the magnificence of the king's palace has been well and truly laid.

Another figure. Tall, commandingly aloof—and with the dignity unmarred by the wearing of long white coat such as cricket umpires sport. He leans with a sort of ascetic grace against the edge of the proscenium at the O.P. side. And there, with folded arms, he broods a while. Mr. Moor, from the Chicago Opera House, stage director of the Covent Garden season, is about to take control.

At the sight of his tall figure leaning there the muttered babel in the auditorium is hushed; but from the well of the orchestra rises the sudden and untuneful squeaking violins as they are tuned.

Another figure—a lank and stooping

IN "TRAVIATA": Rosa Ponselle, the noted "American" star, as Violetta

figure—has appeared like a wraith in the conductor's chair. Vincenzo Bellezza glooms at the men of the London Symphony Orchestra like some demon glowering down on his devils in the pit. He is counting his brasses and numbering his violins and 'cellos. Yes, they are all there. And from the O.P. side trips a tallish lady in a grey coat and skirt, her long tapering feet at the end of her shapely, pink legs thrust into high-heeled black shoes. Iva Pacetti, the soprano. A cheery Desdemona all ready for the slaughter.

Enter, from the prompt side, a muscular-looking fellow in a light-grey lounge suit. Signor Zanelli, the Chilean tenor. Otello grins genially with a flash of brilliant teeth at Desdemona.

The leaning figure on the O.P. side of the proscenium nods to Desdemona and Otello and stretches out a commanding hand to Vincenzo Bellezza crouching in his conductor's chair. Bellezza stretches out his white hands to his devils in the pit, and up from that black hell floats heavenly music—the music Verdi wrote at eighty after two years of grinding study in counterpoint.

It floods the old Victorian house with warmth and passion. There they stand, Otello and Desdemona, in the yellow sunlight of the stage—velvet voice sings to golden throat. The man in the white umpire's coat steps back into the wings. He is content.

Golden throat sings back to velvet voice.

And I would be content to tarry but I have come to Covent Garden for rehearsal time, and floating in waves of rapturous music is not for me.

My guide prods me in the back again. I have to go. "Come back to Erin!" says the Desdemona from Mayo in a mocking whisper.

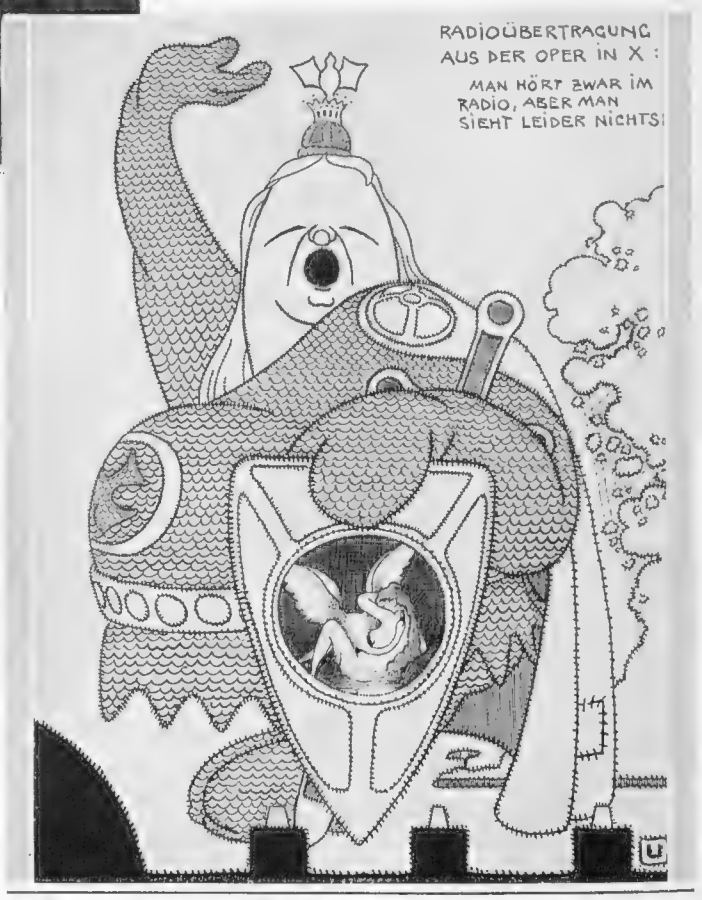
I promise that I will. Who would not?

We are in the shadows again, my guide and I. "Up here," he says. So we go up. And up. And up.

Light dawns again, and with it comes a burst of music. We are up in the flys, on a little wooden bridge sixty feet or so above the stage from where rises the clamour of an excited crowd. And Verdi's music is winging into the cavernous "paint room," that magician's cave, big as a church, in which Ernest Millar conjures principalities and palaces and woodland pools from paint and canvas. And now we are down again. Down on the stage—at the back of it. And here, so it seems to me—pandemonium reigns.

Beyond the great back-cloth which shuts the scene from my sight there is seemingly a riot in progress. The unseen Bellezza is urging his devils in the pit to some crescendo of emotion. One can hear the chorus swaying and shifting, raising their voices in a storm of song as Bellezza lifts the music to a dramatic finale.

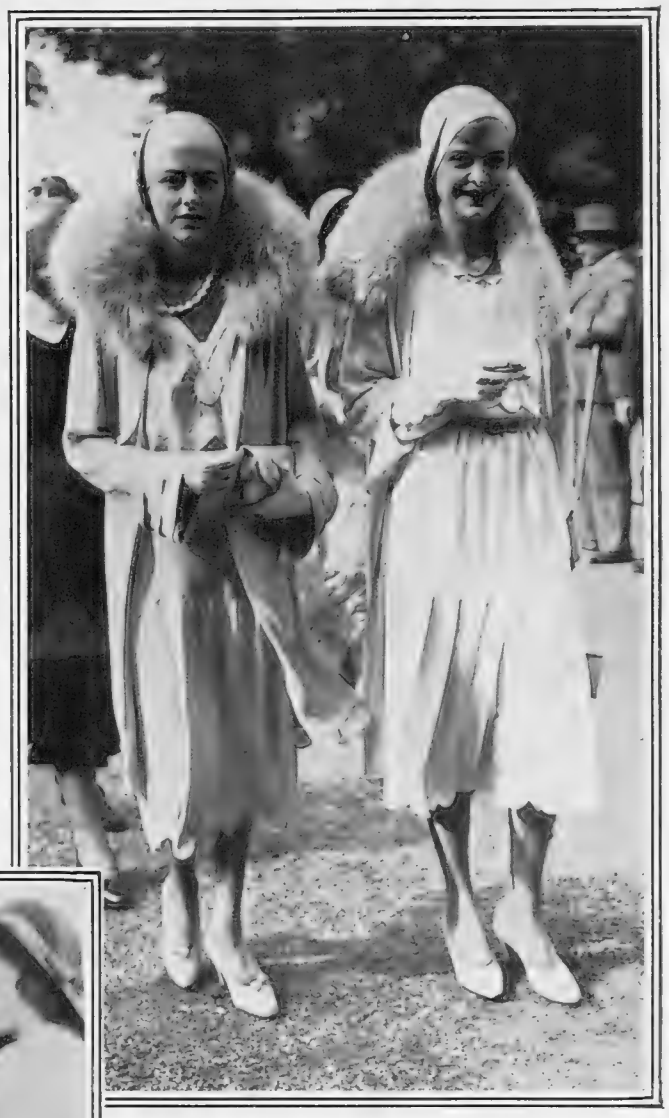
(*Continued on p.* 690)



"TRUE, ONE CAN HEAR ON THE WIRELESS, BUT, UNFORTUNATELY(?) ONE CAN SEE NOTHING!" A savage cartoon from Germany with the original title

THE EXTRAORDINARY TRANSFORMATION *of MODERN GERMANY*

ASCOT OF GERMANY: It would seem that Grunewald bids fair to rival, for the chic of its fashion and the charm of its women, Longchamps, Auteuil, and even the Royal Meeting of England



FUR ABOVE BUT NO FUR BELOW! Two frocks of medium length seen at Grunewald. The chic of these frocks rivals anything at Ascot or Lord's

THE SLIM FIGURE OF GERMANY: Traditionally a place sacred to the adipose, Germany to-day is "slimming," as these two ladies in lace and hand-painted organdie, with picture-hats prove

THE VOGUE OF THE PICTURE-HAT: The toque, in its zenith for a decade, has suffered an eclipse on the Continent this year

LONG SKIRTS IN GERMANY TOO: A chic black frock with a coatee of lace worn with long black opera gloves and a futurist model of heavily ornamented material set off by fur

A remarkable, and in many ways an astounding, metamorphosis has taken place in modern Germany. Evidence of this transformation is shown in the remarkable series of pictures given here. They were taken a few days ago on the occasion of the Fashion race-day at the Grunewald, Berlin, a social affair practically contemporaneous with Ladies' Day at Ascot. The women show a chic and bearing which it would have been hard to find a year or two ago in any such assembly as that illustrated here. It would appear that this result on the young womanhood of Germany is due to the intensive physical culture which has gripped Germany as an ideal for which the whole nation should strive, during the past few years. In addition to this the pictures give evidence of an extraordinary amount of taste in the Berlin dress designers of to-day.

BITTER SWEET ICES: Miss Peggy Wood, Miss Ivy St. Helier, and Mr. George Metaxa's understudy collaborate with the firm of Horton's

AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY: A group of well-known stage folk, including Mr. Jack Powell, Mr. Roy Royston, Miss Molly Malloy, Miss Peggy Beattie, Mr. Douglas Byng, Miss Molly King, M. Serge Lifar, and Miss Jane Welsh at the annual fête held this year at the Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea

REPRESENTING HER ANCESTOR: Lady Mary Cambridge, the Queen's grand niece, in the rôle of Queen Victoria in the pageant presented last Thursday at the Chelsea Palace in aid of the Evelina Hospital for Children

THE WINNER OF THE KING'S GOLD CUP: Lieut. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, 7th Hussars, with Chelsea, who won the coveted trophy for jumping

MIRACLE PLAYS IN WESTMINSTER: Two moments in "The Gate of Vision," one of the religious plays staged at Caxton Hall, Westminster, during the Festival of English Church Art. Other plays in the repertoire include "Becket," "Sheep," "The Story of Tobit," based on the Apocrypha, and "Outcasts"

AMATEURS ON THE STAGE: PROFESSIONALS OFF.

The Theatrical Garden Party: A Hospital Pageant: The Horse Show: Miracle Plays at Westminster

THE NEW—*Bagdad, once a city of the Caliphs and Romance, now a city of political ambition and commercial endeavour—a new telegraph-lined road*

IRAQ SEEKS her LOST MAGNIFICENCE

Commercial Enterprise and Political Endeavour Animate the Heritors of Babylon and the Caliphs

From a Special Correspondent

Iraq, present-day heir of ancient Babylon in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, has had an up-hill job since the World War in its efforts to transform itself into a modern State. It has had constructive plans for physical development; but politics, religion, and the age-old social customs of some of its people have interposed stubborn obstacles in the paths of the contemplated progress.

The Iraqis have sought a status comparable to Turkey, Persia, and the Hedjaz, all important and independent Muhammadan States, rather than that of a mandated area, on somewhat the some footing as smaller and less populous Syria and Palestine-Trans-Jordan.

Ever since the Treaty of Versailles, placing the country under mandate to Great Britain, became operative in 1920, Iraq has obtained a greater and greater degree of independence. It is the only one of the twelve mandated territories which has a king, parliament, and responsible government. As a result of Iraqui insistence, the relations between mandatory and mandated territory were defined in 1922 in a treaty between the Governments of Iraq and Great Britain which looked to the termination of the mandate when Iraq could enter the League of Nations. This treaty has since been revised twice, with Great Britain undertaking more specifically to use her influence to obtain membership for Iraq in the League if Iraq continues to make progress. Within the last few months Great Britain has agreed to drop this proviso and to seek League membership for Iraq unconditionally in 1932.

Great Britain now has both a civil and a military place in Iraquan affairs. A British High Commissioner resides in Bagdad and advises the King on International and financial matters. A British air force is maintained in the country under the command of an Air Vice-Marshal. British military officers are training the Iraq army, and a number of British governmental experts are employed in the various civil offices of the Iraq Government.

Embracing the potentially fertile valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates and large stretches of semi-arid and desert lands, Iraq has always been primarily an agricultural and pastoral country. In Babylonian and Grecian days the valleys were herring-boned with irrigation canals, and these were kept up by the Arabs in the days of the Caliphate. The lands of Iraq were exceedingly productive and its people were highly prosperous until 1258 A.D. when the Mongol invasion destroyed the irrigation embankments and headworks. Afterwards, under Turkish rule, Iraq became less and less prosperous, much of its once fertile valleys turned into wilderness and malaria-breeding swamps.

The aim of the most thoughtful leaders in Iraq is to restore the irrigation works which the valleys possessed during their golden age. This, however, would be a tremendous task, requiring vast amounts of capital, which Iraq is at present unable to command. The Government has organized a Department of Irrigation, and under its supervision is slowly bettering existing irrigation works and undertaking new ones. One of the most important steps has been the construction of a permanent weir in the bed of the River Dijala to replace earthen dams which were constructed annually, only to be washed away each flood season. Several river regulators and escapes were constructed in 1928, and canals were extended to revive areas that were passing out of cultivation and to bring tens of thousands of acres of new land under irrigation.

Two phases of irrigation unknown to Iraq in past centuries are being developed by exploration of possible artesian water supplies from wells, and by the installation of power pumps to lift water from streams to land too high to be reached by present canals. The latter development has been encouraged by the Government by the admission of petrol engines duty-free, and by arrangements with oil-producing companies assuring cheap fuel.

In transportation agencies other than railways Iraq has made a marked advance in recent years. The natural outlet for the country is south-eastward along its rivers to the Persian Gulf. But its customers and clients are chiefly to the north-westward and the north-eastward across extensive deserts and mountain ranges. These barriers have not yet been bridged by steel rails. Gaps still exist in the famous proposed "Berlin-to-Bagdad" railway, so that it is not even possible to remove Iraquan products as far as the eastern Mediterranean ports by rail. There are close to a thousand miles of railway track in Iraq, but it is entirely an internal system. At no point does a railway cross the Iraq border. The rail system, however, does perform two important functions in international trade. It carries exports and imports to and from the port of Basra, head of navigation on the Shatt-al-Arab for ocean-going ships; and it connects at Khanaqin, near the Persian border, with a motor road over which is carried on Iraq's sizeable transit trade with Persia.

In the absence of railways to the north and west, all of the heavy freight leaving and entering Iraq must move by water through the Persian Gulf. But within the last few years an efficient and rapid system has been set up for the transfer of passengers, mails, and light express overland between Bagdad and Basra on the south-east, and Damascus, Beirut, Jerusalem, and Cairo on the north-west. Good, hard-surfaced highways have been constructed through long sections of the river valleys. Across the deserts that separate Iraq and Syria the ways are merely natural earth roads but they are in fair condition, and over them powerful buses carrying passengers, mail, and express, cover 600 miles in twenty-four hours. The quickest mails, however, travel by the weekly aeroplane service, which extends from Basra to Cairo. Aeroplanes fly approximately over the highway route for a considerable part of the way between Bagdad and the west. At the half-way point, Rutbah Wells, the Iraq Government has established a station which is used for refuelling and rewatering both 'planes and motor-cars, and there a desert police force of considerable strength is maintained. At this station a restaurant is conducted, and even over-night accommodations are provided for travellers.

Of the two great rivers of Iraq, only the Tigris can be used by boats. An important freight service, moving hundreds of thousands of tons in large river steamers is operated between Bagdad and Basra. Special shallow-draft stern-wheel river boats ply the Tigris up the river from Bagdad to Mosul; and above the latter city considerable quantities of supplies are brought down stream on rafts. Below the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates the combined tidal stream is known as the Shatt-al-Arab. The commerce on the Shatt-al-Arab has been greatly facilitated and increased since the World War by the deeper and deeper dredging by the Iraq Government of the bar at the river's mouth. Ships of 20-ft. draught can now cross the bar at low water, and ships of 30-ft. draught at high water.

Although some progress has been made in recent years towards the development of industry and the extraction of mineral wealth from the ground, Iraq is still predominantly an agricultural and pastoral country. This condition is reflected in the exports and imports. During the fiscal year 1928-29 the exports, including goods in transit, amounted to about £8,000,000, while the imports were valued at approximately £11,000,000. Dates, valued at close to £1,500,000, led the list of exports, followed by cereals and flour, £1,000,000; and wool, £500,000. Among the leading articles imported were textiles, valued at approximately £1,800,000, and sugar worth £600,000.

The few industries carried on in Iraq are on a small scale. The residents maintain factories for spinning, knitting, carpet-making, and shoe manufacture, copper-smelting and flour milling. It is only a matter of time, however, until the country will have an important place among the regions producing and refining petroleum. Two financially strong companies have concessions to explore and develop the Iraquan oil supplies, and both have brought in producing wells within the past two years.

The expenditure of large amounts of money by the two oil companies and their employment of numerous labourers and technicians has been one of the helpful factors in Iraquan economics in recent years. When the oilfields are brought to large-scale production Iraq will profit directly, as well as indirectly, for the Government will receive a substantial royalty.

—AND THE OLD: *The Murjam Mosque in the centre of Bagdad*

PICTURED with his DYING MATE.

An Instantaneous Picture of a Lion Standing by his Slain Mate

Pictured by CHARLIE GOSS

This remarkable and poignant study could have been made only by the most knowledgeable or the most reckless of lion-hunters. Mr. Charlie Goss, a well-known professional hunter of the type, but not of the race, created in Pieter Pienaar *by John Buchan, had shot and killed the lioness seen in the background. The survivor, a study of majesty and misery (who would not, seeing this picture, concede a soul to a dumb beast?), stood mutely over his dead. Mr. Goss, from his profound knowledge of lions, was so certain that no external stimulus could be strong enough to divert the beast's attention from his sorrow that he laid down his rifle, advanced quite near the animal, and took the photograph from which the picture above is reproduced.*

BLACK AMERICA on the MOVE

By H. W. PEET

The American negro is a problem which only those who have experience of it can understand. The slavery of past generations by some, the negroid nature itself by others, is blamed for the state of the "black commonwealth," a people markedly race-conscious and suffering from either an admitted "inferiority complex" or one camouflaged under a hectoring braggadocio. The movement towards, Western Education is, however, undeniable, and the accompanying article places the conditions of this movement, purely from the negro point of view, before our readers. It must be pointed out that an enormous body of experienced and well-informed opinion regards the wavering of the colour bar with such horror as to believe the emancipation of the negro politically was a woeful blunder in view of the fact that the social equality, towards which the blacks are unquestionably tending, is even more to be deplored than the conditions, even the overdrawn conditions, of Uncle Tom and Simon Legree

There are to-day twelve million coloured citizens in the United States—one-tenth of America's population. Two generations ago their ancestors were slaves. To-day the community is steadily and rapidly advancing, and there is no section of the American public more keen on education and progress.

The great negro universities, like Howard University at Washington, D.C., Fisk University at Nashville, Tennessee, and Atlanta University, are full of men and women students. The examination standard at Fisk, for instance, is particularly high, and its degrees may be classed as on a level with Columbia and Harvard.

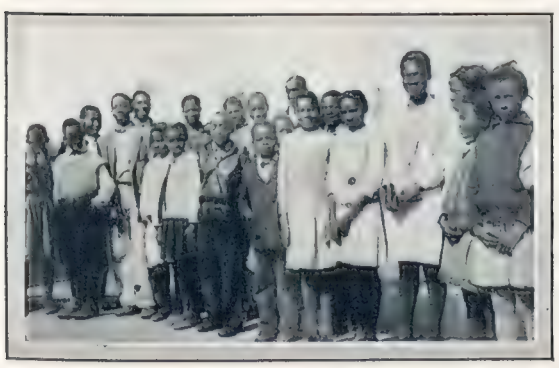
Meharry, the only medical school for negroes, South of Washington, is shortly being moved to new buildings adjoining the Fisk campus, and the students of both institutions will have the benefit of a magnificent new library that is now in the course of erection. With its white colleges, such as Peabody and Vanderbilt University on the adjoining hills, and the great replica of the Parthenon in the public park of the city, Nashville is becoming a sort of Athens of America.

There is a particularly friendly feeling towards England at Fisk, for Queen Victoria befriended the Fisk Singers when they came to England. Her signed portrait is a treasured possession in the Jubilee Hall, while in front of the organ in the Fisk Chapel hangs a portrait of the original Jubilee Singers painted by the order of the Queen and given by her to the University.

There seems little difference in outlook between the black students and the white, though naturally the former are keenly interested in inter-racial problems abroad. In talks I have had with them recently I found a broad interest in world affairs. They wanted to know particularly about events in India and about the colour bar in England. I was asked about Lawrence of Arabia, and how the Labour Party was progressing. Many were very anxious about the wrong impression of their race by the negro being presented to the world mainly in the person of jazz-band performers.

At the other end of the educational ladder are the steadily increasing number of elementary schools in town and country. This desire to begin education at the beginning has been notably fostered by the General Education Fund, and the Rosenwald Fund. The latter is the benefaction of the Chicago millionaire, Mr. Julius Rosenwald. He does not provide schools, but he contributes to the cost in about the same proportion as the negroes themselves, the remainder coming from the State. This valuable stimulant to self-help among the negroes has led to the erection of nearly 5,000 schools during the past fifteen years. Of the 3,000,000 negro children in school in the Southern States, over 500,000 are in Rosenwald schools. As the director of the fund told me, during the past nine-and-a-half years every three minutes of every working day has seen space for one more school child provided by Mr. Rosenwald and the negroes themselves.

A big push is now proceeding to eradicate illiteracy. Nearly every negro evening school for illiterates includes eager scholars who have passed four score years, wishing to make up for the lack of education in the slavery days of their youth.



THE RISING GENERATION: A typical group of the race whose very prolificity is a peril. The varying degrees of negro admixture—mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, and even smaller proportions, all of whom are prevalent in the States—complicates a problem already complex enough. The "high yaller" element is at once the most dangerous and the most ambitious of the negro population

The great industrial and agricultural colleges, like Hampton, founded in 1868 by General Armstrong, and Tuskegee, the greatest negro achievement in America, where an all-black staff gives a complete academic and vocational training to nearly 2,000 black youths and maidens, are overcrowded.

These centres are great negro townships: Hampton on the shores the Chesapeake Bay and Tuskegee in the centre of Alabama. Here, while there is a demand for an ever higher academic standard, there are flourishing workshops where every student learns some practical craft. The original masonry and carpentry shops have been supplemented by engineering shops, motor-coach workshops, printing shops, and so on. At each centre, too, there is now beauty-parlour instruction for the girls, besides home-management classes, for beauty culture is a very important business in the States both for white and black. It is in particular demand among the latter, for the modern negro woman likes her hair to be glossy and straight, and this necessitates constant attention.

The negro is still largely an agriculturist, and he is learning scientific methods both in these colleges and also in many flourishing State institutions. For the instruction of the older generation there are travelling demonstration agents and motor-schools bringing knowledge of the latest methods of the right handling of crops and of stock.

It is noteworthy that in the colleges a large proportion of the students are working their way through school by the American plan of earning money during the vacations and doing school chores during the term.

This increasingly educated and developing community is throwing up some outstanding figures in the realm of the arts, particularly music and literature. Best known in this country are men like Mr. Paul Robeson and Mr. Roland Hayes. London and the Continent have recently seen and heard how a conductor and composer like Dr. Nathaniel Dett can train and handle a choir like his group of young negro students from Hampton Institute. It was not always recognized that these wonderful singers were youths and girls of an average age of under twenty, and that the choir's personnel entirely changes about every five years. In literature the names of Countee Cullen, Dr. Burghardt Du Bois, James Weldon Johnson, and half-a-dozen others are widely known.

In the scientific world Dr. E. E. Just, the biologist, now studying in Berlin, and Dr. George Carver, the "wizard" agricultural chemist of Tuskegee, have "arrived." Dr. Carver has produced from peanuts a hundred-and-one substances ranging from face cream and breakfast foods to synthetic rubber. The usually unsympathetic White South is now turning to George Washington Carver, the negro, to teach them how to make a living out of the South from its peanuts, sweet potatoes, and clays, to replace the often unremunerative cotton crops, and to stem the economic depression.

Among the thinkers of the negro race in America stands high Dr. Alain L. Locke, Harvard and Berlin graduate and first negro Rhodes scholar at Oxford, who is now Professor of Philosophy at Howard University, Washington, and a member of the American Philosophical Association. So, too, does a man like Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, Principal of Howard, and Dr. Charles Johnson of Fisk, the student of the social sciences, who was recently appointed by the U.S.A. Government to go with the League of Nations Representation on on the Commission of Enquiry to Liberia.

NEGRO UNDERGRADUATES: The characteristic kinky hair is in evidence—and so are the artificially straightened tresses beloved of the negroid belle

The outstanding leader of Black America is Dr. Robert Russa Moton, Booker Washington's successor as Principal of Tuskegee. This coal black, practical man of affairs is the trusted friend of President Hoover. He is idealist and realist at the same time All the while he is leading his race forward, but his motto is "Never go faster than you can take the white race with you." He was recently the worthy recipient of the Harman Gold Medal for his work for inter-racial relations. President Hoover recently appointed him leader of an educational commission to Haiti.

Both in the North and the South negro professional men, doctors and lawyers, are establishing themselves, and negro businesses, such as banks and insurance offices, are flourishing institutions. In the trading world negro merchants are entering into competition with the "chain stores" by co-operative buying. An important American Negro Business League is considerably raising the standards of coloured commerce.

The upward path is not easy. There is still no social mixing of the races, and on every side the negro is faced by discrimination and obstacles. But without antagonism or bitterness towards the white, they are quietly toiling their way upwards to show by achievement that they are worthy American citizens. While it is true economic and cultural progress may lead to clash with white interests in some fields, the existence of a growingly-instructed and mentally-alert coloured population is making the educated negro less dissatisfied that he is a black man. In fact they are increasingly proud of their colour. The educated negro now has companions sharing his own interests and outlook, and the former sense of isolation is lessened. Yet there is a wistful wonder as to how white America is going to re-act to this growing development, for the negro wishes to be recognized as an American citizen, even if his ancestors did come from Africa.

As Dr. Moton said to me recently: "America is God's laboratory for working out the relations of the races. If they can learn to live together in the United States they can live together anywhere."

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With Lady Dru

The "Graf Zeppelin's" Lates to Cross th

Before our departure for Tokio on the second stage of the world-flight last summer, it was the Japanese with their flags, flowers, and "Banzais," the women in kimono and *obi*, who dominated the picture. Before that—the eve o the first transatlantic flight to New York—Americans and Germans held the field. Now the Spanish—who next Eskimos and Lapps, I suppose, when the Zeppelin sets ou on her scheduled Iceland and North Cape flight toward the end of this month.

Apart from those directly interested in the big flight, saw Colonel Gossage, British Air Attaché to our Embass in Berlin, lunching with Mlle Ella Maillart of Geneva o the day of departure. Mlle Maillart, young, more tha merely pretty, is a ship's captain, has captained schooner on the high seas. Sea-Captain Christia Christiansen, selected Commander of the twelve-moto

ZEPPELIN "FANS" OF SEVILLE welcome the giant airship while the movie man raises himself to the level of a captain inside the control cabin

I had tea in Friedrichshafen, Germany, on Sunday, dinner in Seville, Spain, on Monday. On Wednesday, tea over the Cape Verde Islands off Senegal, and dinner on Thursday in Pernambuco, Brazil. Europe and South America, eleven days apart by fastest steamer, brought within two-and-a-half days of one another by the airship *Graf Zeppelin*. No record-making was attempted. We remained Monday evening and night in picturesque Seville, dining luxuriously in the fashionable restaurant of the Hotel Alfonso XIII, visiting the Exhibition, "doing" Seville night-life. On Tuesday morning we climbed back into the giant dirigible, breakfasted over the Atlantic—pioneers of a new era of pleasure travel and commercial transport. Airship expeditions are nothing new to me. I have travelled more than 60,000 miles by airship. I had already shared the thrill of the first trial flights of the *Graf Zeppelin* in 1928, the risk and adventure of the first transatlantic flight. I had taken part in the amazing variety of the Mediterranean flight, Easter, 1929, when we covered 5,000 miles in eighty-one hours, touched three continents, visited ten countries. Mine, too, has been the privilege of sharing the romance and historic achievement of the great round-the-world flight last summer as the only woman passenger aboard. So it was with considerably more and something deeper than the emotion of anticipated new sensation, that I settled myself in the familiar chintz-hung cabin which was to be my home for the Zeppelin South America flight.

Scheduled as a pleasure-air-cruise to last ten, twelve days, or two weeks, according to the length of our sojourns at various points, the South American Zeppelin voyage has been primarily the first non-stop passenger and mail flight from Europe to South America, blazing a trail for commercial facilities and enterprise. It was at the same time the most extraordinary aerial pleasure excursion that up to the present day has never had precedent or parallel. Passengers varied in number from nineteen to twenty-two on the different stages. We carried approximately one ton of mail, value estimated at £30,000. We flew 13,000 miles of uncharted air-lanes, Friedrichshafen to New York. Saw no fewer than twenty big cities. Crossed the Equator in an airship for the first time in history, despite previous emphatic assertions of aviation experts that tropical or equatorial regions are unsuited for dirigible service.

Airships can Traverse Hot Countries

Dr. Hugo Eckener, tenacious, determined "Wizard of the Winds," set out to prove that the pessimistic experts were wrong. He trimmed his Zeppelin—the experimental ship of the lighter-than-air world—called for mail, accepted passengers, turned the *Graf's* stubby nose south towards the Equator. At the same time he turned the pioneer expedition into an epochal pleasure excursion. Although it has been the first long air cruise ever attempted, through unknown air conditions, in defiance of claims of impracticability, of real difficulties arising from lack of organization and familiarity with new needs at points of landing, not for one hour has the care-free, relaxed holiday spirit left the passengers. The South American flight has been the easiest, jolliest, scenically the most interesting, and psychologically the most significant, I have ever made. I have never before seen intending Zeppelin passengers so casual, cool, and unemotioned as they mounted—many for the first time—the steps into the gondola. They might have been embarking on a White Star steamer pleasure cruise. The only anxiety expressed was how to cater for a whole year's variety of seasons in baggage restricted to 44 lb. From spring in Europe to winter in South America, through summer to late spring again in New York, all in less than two weeks, was to be our unique experience. I compromised by embarking in European spring costume, taking a white knitted three-piece, a white georgette skirt and jumper, two chiffon afternoon dresses, one black, one pale green, both with long skirts, long sleeves and capes, a white tulle evening dress and cloak, a black lace evening dress, for all of which a very limited number of accessories did general service. Shoes and accessories have always been my greatest problem on these long Zeppelin flights, with several landings in different countries involving official public and private "sociabilities." Summer hats weigh nothing, so I took five along—in a cardboard box. Kindhearted Dr. Eckener allows press representatives to count cameras and typewriters as "ship's equipment," so I could do rather well on my 44 lb., having by long and frequent experience brought the art of provisioning myself for Zeppelin "skylarks" to a very fine point. Renouncing any idea of a dressing-case with heavy fittings, I substitute aluminium picnic screw-top flasks and little boxes for the thick glass in which eau-de-Cologne, toilet waters, and cold cream are generally sold.

The Kurgarten Hotel, Friedrichschafen, was like a corner of Spain on Sunday, May 18. Our Spanish and South American travelling companions and their friends brought a touch of exotic Latin picturesqueness to the scene.

CAMOUFLAGE! The Rock of Gibraltar shelters under a cloud screen from the eager eyes of the passengers aboard the "Graf Zeppelin"

Dornier seaplane *Do.X*, was at another table with Frau Hammer, wife of Fritz Hammer, famous pilot selected Chief Pilot for the giant *Do.X*. Fritz Hammer is still with the Condor Syndicate of Rio de Janeiro. Frau Hammer was a passenger on the Zeppelin to Pernambuco, where she joined her husband, both to return to Friedrichshafen in July.

Passengers, scheduled to leave the hotel at 4.30, were spared the usual small-hours morning rush I have come to associate with such departures. At 5.18 p.m. the Zeppelin took off with a roar of motors over the orchards and gardens of Southern Germany, blooming and budding under the gentle spring sun.

But the new Zeppelin passengers were soon to get their storm baptism. Between Constance and Basel we struck half-a-dozen thunder squalls, colliding with a headwind varying from 35 to 40 m.p.h., cutting down our speed just that much. For two-and-a-half hours Dr. Eckener surpassed himself as master-navigator, threading the Zeppelin like a huge silver bodkin through the storm-pattern. The Doctor's art was a thrill and delight to those who realized what was happening. But all the buffeting we got did not seem to have any adverse effect on the appetites of the passengers. Nobody was the slightest bit nervous and certainly nobody was sea-sick. Dr. Eckener, coming to join us in the salon about eight o'clock with a cheery "Well, we are through that nasty mess now, and there's good weather ahead," witnessed the justice done to a dinner of soup, stewed venison, noodles, and strawberry cake.

All airship speed records were broken during the night when, with a fifty-mile tailwind pushing us along, the Zeppelin covered 256 miles from the coast at Point de Beauduc to Mahon on Minorca Island in 140 minutes. At one time we achieved the remarkable speed for a dirigible of more than 129 m.p.h.

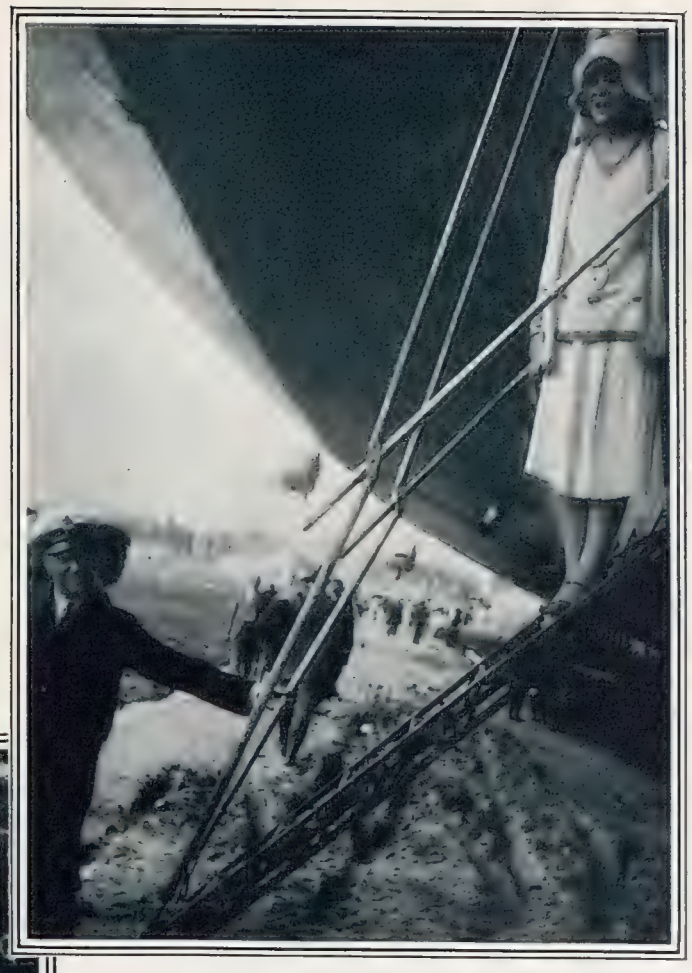
Gibraltar Impressions from the Air

Following a course down the brown and barren Spanish coast—a wave-fringed streak—by ten on Monday morning, May 19, we were more than two hours ahead of scheduled time. Dr. Eckener, not wishing to land in Seville before sunset on account of the heat, decided to give us an extra sightseeing trip over Gibraltar, Ceuta, Tetuan, and Tangier before bringing his craft to the mast at Seville.

Lunch of soup, fresh salmon, chicken, peas, asparagus, salad, and apple was excitedly interrupted by the sight of that sentinel, Gibraltar, sheltered from the sun by a curious umbrella-like formation of clouds hanging above the gigantic pile. I have often been to Gibraltar by steamer. It looks more imposing from the air, where one gets a better idea of its geographical vantage-point, rearing from the sea, isolated and grandiose. Everyone frantically crowded the windows without formality, as they always do when there is anything to see. And when on these long pioneer flights is there not something to see? A ship, a sail, coast, clouds, sun, moon, stars, sharks, whales, porpoises, flying-fish, mermaids, old Neptune himself, as the fancy and fantasy of the traveller demands and imagination provides. Hardly was lunch over than Ceuta, on the African side, rose in relief from a turquoise sea. At the sight of picturesque Tetuan nestling almost at the foot of frowning Riff mountains, memories of the Riff War, when Tetuan was Spanish headquarters, flashed into my mind. I had been there with the late General Primo de Rivera, Dictator of Spain, soon after the landing in Alhuecemas Bay. In those same black mountains Primo de Rivera had ordered a salvo of guns for me. Leaving Tetuan, white and glistening in the sunshine, we flew to Tangier, where the Drummond-Hay family have been established for more than a hundred years. My late husband was born in Tangier during the service of his father, Sir John Drummond-Hay, as British Minister.

mond-Hay to the Southern Hemisphere

Tour to a New Continent. The First Airship Equator.—Part I



"SO THIS IS SOUTH AMERICA!": Lady Drummond-Hay disembarks from the "Graf Zeppelin" at Pernambuco, sweltering in equatorial heat during its "cold" winter season

A Warm Welcome in Spain

The market place, crowded with Moors in white burnous, Riffian mountaineers in brown hoods, closely-veiled women wearing hats as large as sunshades. I could see the Aissouai Mosque, the Marshan, the good road towards Jew's River, the point where we used to turn our horses into the narrow rocky lane leading up the hill to the villa.

The Zeppelin swung out to sea towards Seville. If we were a little late for our 6 p.m. appointment with the señoritas of Seville, they bore no ill-will, but turned out in their thousands to greet us. Car after car bearing bevies of handsome Spanish women and lovely girls passed us going towards the Zeppelin as we were driving into the city. Elegantly dressed, often considerably made-up, wearing high carved combs in their lustrous hair, the mantilla coquettishly adjusted with jewelled pin or bright flower, they smiled with eyes and lips, or waved their fans, as the big Alfonso XIII hotel bus, crammed with passengers and baggage wound its way in and out of traffic blocks along the hot and dusty road.

We were half stifled before we arrived at the magnificent hotel, where the first call was for baths. Dinner in the beautiful restaurant, fine amber-coloured real Spanish sherry, topaz and ruby wines of the country, last but not least the cigarette with coffee that is an unknown luxury on the Zeppelin, where no smoking is allowed. After dinner the parties dispersed to amuse themselves in various ways. Some visited the great Exhibition, subsequently "doing" Seville night-life and rounds of the dance halls, whence graduate many world-famous "Spanish dancers" of the theatre international. From my bedroom window I looked over Seville of tower and cupola, fretted and carved like an Eastern dream.

Passengers were called to be aboard by seven. Once again we loaded ourselves into the hotel bus, this time with some extraordinary additions to our baggage—souvenirs of Seville in the shape of tambourines, guitars, castanets, fans large and small, mantillas, combs,

A WILDERNESS OF STREAMS: Meandering rivers cut fantastic patterns in the swamps of South America. The hinterland of the coast is seen above

bottles of wine, and goodness knows what else was contained in all those knobby packets. The most beautiful souvenir of Seville was a fine engraving of the famous Madonna of the Jewelled Crown, Our Lady of Hope, presented to the Zeppelin by the Senate of Seville in commemoration of the first Zeppelin commercial non-stop flight to South America. It hangs in a delicately carved gilt frame on the salon wall.

Dr. Eckener was very annoyed at twenty-eight minutes' delay of the scheduled hour of departure, eight o'clock. As a matter of fact that was the last straw after a succession of annoyances on the Seville landing-ground, owing to lack of organization. The amount of hydrogen requested by Dr. Eckener had not been furnished, Chief Steward Kubis' stores had not turned up, so when we took the air at 8.28 a.m. we were not as fully provisioned as Dr. Eckener had planned for the long transatlantic flight ahead of us. At 9.27 a.m. on May 20 we left the last point of Europe at Chipiona, sailing out over the Atlantic.

A Novel Type of Travel

Three new travelling companions had been added to our company. The Infante Alfonso, Lieut.-Colonel in the Spanish Air Force, arrived on board in a dark green uniform, accompanied by Colonel Emilio Herrera, also in uniform. Colonel Herrera's enthusiastic return to the Zeppelin in which he had made the first transatlantic flight in October, 1928, was sincerely reciprocated by Dr. Eckener, the Zeppelin officers, Mr. Karl von Wiegand, and certainly myself. American Mrs. Mary Pierce, who had been with the Zeppelin last May when the motors failed and the airship came down near Toulon was the third Seville passenger.

We were now nineteen passengers aboard. Four women, fifteen men. Mrs. Pierce was sharing a cabin with Mrs. Laura Durston of Syracuse, U.S.A. Mrs. Fritz Hammer shared mine. We were always the early risers—both competing for the washroom between four and five in the morning.

Life on board the Zeppelin is unlike any other kind of travel life. Association is much closer, friendships form quickly under the influence of this novel and, in many ways, unconventional manner of living. Character and temperament are unmercifully revealed by a daily life made up entirely of the unexpected and unusual. There is but one passenger salon for twenty passengers or more, ten cabins of two berths each, running each side of a narrow corridor. Two wash-rooms, for possession of which competition is keen but courteous. Utter strangers are thrown together in closest proximity. Tempers were tried during this South American trip by unaccustomed equatorial heat, delays of departure, occasional lack of washing water, absence of fresh food, vegetables, fruit, and ice in tropical climates. Our two days on the ocean were not hot—rather cool and infinitely refreshing after the heat in Seville.

It must be remembered that every air-voyage of the *Graf Zeppelin* so far has been experimental.

By next morning, May 21, this rather oddly assorted band of travellers, many amongst whom were decided personalities, found themselves well out over the Atlantic. I was up early as usual, anxious not to miss the delicate beauty of the dawn and flaming sunrise. By six the salon was already crowded with similarly-minded passengers. Some had hardly slept, extending their vigil of the starlit night to the dawn. Life at an altitude, rushing through the pure air at anything from fifty to seventy miles an hour, sharpens the appetite. Breakfast is one of the most anxiously awaited meals on the Zeppelin. We have tea or coffee, bread, butter, meat or eggs, and honey. Washing-water was at a premium, reminding me of other "dry" air adventures. Owing to the rather unsatisfactory provisioning at Seville Dr. Eckener was obliged to order water ballast to be thrown off. That again made the Doctor feel economical about washing-water, so the supply ceased, except for short periods. The men had to content themselves with dry shaves, the women with cold-cream and eau-de-Cologne toilet. Those are the sorts of little discomforts which discover the real nature of one's neighbour!

The Infante Alfonso appeared in mufti. Eckener came to breakfast in a tropical suit. The morning passed quickly.

It's marvellous," the Infante exclaimed to me, "I only wish I could live long enough to see a hundred years' more aerial development."

The Prince believes firmly in rocket transport. He talked to me at length about the practicability of rocket transport outside the radius of atmosphere. Both he and Colonel Herrera are scientific sportsmen, to whom this air voyage is of more than ordinary interest.

(Part II of this entertaining narrative will appear next week)

Pictures by LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

GENII OF THE ZEPPELIN: Dr. Hugo Eckener and Karl von Wiegand, who put the Zepp. on the journalistic map of world affairs

A BRITISH BATTLESHIP goes to ICELAND

"THE LAND OF FROST AND FIRE": An Icelandic geyser spouting some 25 ft. into the air. Mrs. Murray Chapman, whose notable book on Iceland was published last month by the Bodley Head, has christened the island by that apposite name

NEWLY RIVEN: A fresh fissure in the Thingvellir basin. Here the old Parliament, the Althing, used to meet and debate for 900 and more years. Duels took place and feuds were settled by its biennial orders. The whole basin is a-thrill with legends of the Saga era

CROSSING A SAND DESERT: Despite the fact that Iceland is largely a land of glaciers, beneath, but not far beneath, which the "earth fire" seethes, there are sandy wastes reminiscent, save for the gleaming *jokulls* in the distance and the earth cracked by quakes, of Arabia

A CITIZEN OF THE OLDEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD: An Icelandic fisherman with his extraordinarily good catch

NIAGARA OF ICELAND: Godafoss, the formation of which recalls the Canadian (Horse Shoe) Falls

IN GALA DRESS: A typical Icelandic woman in the costume characteristic of and traditional to the ladies of Iceland when *en fete*. The islanders speak the old Icelandic tongue

The thousandth anniversary of the oldest Parliament in the world, the Althing, will be celebrated next month at Thingvellir in Iceland, where it met and debated for 900 years or more. To do honour to it a British battleship will be present. From the days when Iceland was first colonized by a group of Norwegian earls, the assembly of the Icelandic Parliament for purposes of justice and government has been known as the Althing; and from the earlies', almost legendary, times of the Sagas until within living memory the Althing has met in the open air at Thingvellir. It now meets in Reykjavik.

KANDY PERAHERA

The Annual Ceylonese Ceremony of BUDDHA'S TOOTH

"THE TRAMP AND STAMP OF IMPERIAL ELEPHANTS": The end of "the Procession of the Tooth," the annual festivity held in Kandy, a famous shrine in the "Pearl of India"

THE DANCERS AND THE TOM-TOMS: These, with the gaily, even superbly caparisoned elephants, form the spectacular side of Kandy Perahera. The ceremony is, of course, primarily a religious one

THE SHRINE OF THE RELIC: The Temple of the Tooth, Kandy, whence, at the Kandy Perahera, the tooth of Gautama is brought forth and borne in procession through the town for seven days accompanied by over three score elephants. It is followed by dancers accompanied by the mad throbbing of madly throbbing tom-toms. Not only does the rite attract thousands of the native devotees both of Buddha and "panem et circenses," but also many tourists

COLOMBO NOW A VENICE OF THE EAST: Extensive damage has been done at the capital of Ceylon this month by devastating floods occasioned by cyclonic rains and overwhelming monsoons. It is estimated that over 15,000 people have been rendered homeless. One canal-like street is seen above

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES

The Look-out and the Aeroplane are among the Latest Devices used to Combat a Scourge of the West

THE SCOURGE OF A SCOURGE: The look-out man in Striped Peak Look-out, Cœur d'Alene National Forest, Idaho, locates a forest fire with the aid of a map and alidade. The life is a very lonely one

"HALVES, PARTNER, HALVES!" The line from "A Message from Mars" is applicable to this scene between a fire observer in Oregon and his neighbour, a chipmunk

FIGHTING FIRE IN THE MORMON STATE: The only way to check forest fires is by cutting a gap—a perilous pursuit. After the fire has ceased, the fallen trees are cut up

TYPICAL OF MANY: One of the look-out towers used by America's Forest-fire Fighters

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES IN THE FAR WEST: A remarkable aerial picture, made at Black Island, Lake Winnipeg, showing a forest fire in its incipient stages, and, on the left, a hydroplane carrying men and fire-fighting equipment, which has just landed in the bay

Forest fires are a serious loss to a country which exports a very large proportion of the world's timber supply. Despite every precaution taken to cope with the disastrous fires which occur in the National Forests of the States, reaching from Mexico to Canada, millions of feet of timber are destroyed by fire each year. The gigantic lumber fields of the States come under the control and supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture—Forest Service. One principal duty is the question of fire menace. Fighting these disastrous fires is not what one would call an enjoyable duty, nevertheless it certainly has its "thrills." More than £2,000,000 worth of timber is destroyed by fire each year in the States.

Aeroplanes have now a well-defined place in the Forest Service system of fighting outbreaks. Although it has been found that aviation cannot altogether supplant ground forces, it is generally agreed that 'planes can be employed successfully as an adjunct of the ground forces. They have already been found valuable in scouting above bad fires, in patrolling areas during periods when heavy smoke blankets obscure the vision of the ground look-outs and in spotting fires caused by lightning storms. The latest achievement, however, is the introduction of look-out observatories with living quarters underneath. These stations are perched on lonely mountain peaks in the various forests at 3,000 or more feet elevation. The primary look-out station has been erected in the White Mountain National Forest, New Hampshire, at an elevation of 4,800 ft. The tower is 30 ft. high with 14 by 14 ft. living quarters on top. Twelve tons of material for its construction were hauled 4·12 miles over mountain trail. In such observatories Forest officers are stationed on their lonely vigils from daylight until dark during all the dangerous fire months of the year, keeping constant watch for signs of forest-fire smoke. Over 500 of these stations have already been constructed on various mountain peaks. Wireless is now being introduced, but at present is only in the experimental stage.

SPORT

The Wide World Over

"WHEN NIP JOINS NIP, THEN COMES THE TUG OF WAR!" One of the more thrilling events at the Lyons Club Athletics. The famous catering firm was one of the first organizations to develop staff contests in various forms of athletics

GYMNASTIC CENTAURS: Pupils of the Fontana Schule, Berlin, in the gymnasium perform with a squadron of vaulting-horses —a facet of the German "Sport-craze"

HENLEY INVADERS: The crew of Kent School, U.S.A., take their boat out. The crew impressed shrewd judges in its début on the Thames

A HOMER OF ATHLETICS: Mr. D. Cook, for whom eight universities are angling, even as many cities claimed the blind poet as a native; his athletic prowess is considerable. In America alumni will often subsidize a fine athlete of small means to enhance the sporting prestige of their alma mater

SWIM? LIKE A DUCK! The latest device to aid swimmers are "Duckfoot gloves." These are of a light, sticky substance, and are webbed between fingers and the thumb, thereby offering more resistance to the water

MADAME GRIMMETT OF THE MIDLANDS: Miss C. Edge, who took all ten wickets for Mrs. Scott Bowden's team at Great Camp recently

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY
writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

ON THE ORAL NEWSPAPER, MADRID: Senor Federico Garcia Sanchez of "El Clamor"

"GAILY THE TROUBADOUR . . ."—Federico Garcia Sanchiz claims to be unique as a Twentieth-century Troubadour-Adventurer.

He made the Europe Pan-American flight with the *Graf Zeppelin* to collect news and impressions for his newspaper.

"And which newspaper do you represent, Señor Sanchiz?" we asked interestedly.

"*El Clamor* of Madrid, the famous 'Oral newspaper,'" he replied.

As we had never heard of an "oral newspaper" before, Señor Sanchiz explained that inspired by the roaming troubadours of the Age of Romance, who carried tidings of war, narratives of travel, discovery, and love into cottage and castle, so he adventures and travels, subsequently to relate news and his experiences with all the embroidery of rhetoric to his audiences in Spain.

"I am the whole newspaper," he proudly claimed. "Since I established *El Clamor* two years ago my circulation has grown by leaps and bounds. In fact it is illimitable."

We were privileged to a "specimen copy" of *El Clamor* after the dinner-party offered by Count and Countess Carneiro in Pernambuco. Brilliant, witty, poetic, romantic, satirical in turn, our troubadour travelling companion revealed a new art in modern "journalism."

HONEYMOON IN THE AIR.—The first Transatlantic "Honeymoon Flight" passed almost unnoticed the other day. Yet it is scarcely three years since the world was electrified by the flight of Lindbergh. Though no aeroplane has yet made a round-trip flight over the ocean, and no one-way "ocean hopper" has ventured to hop back, Zeppelin transatlantic passenger flights seem to be accepted already by Press and public in such matter-of-fact manner that the first honeymoon voyage across the Atlantic in an airship hardly registered.

Sir Hubert Wilkins, noted British explorer, and Lady Wilkins, hold that historic honour. In order that they should have it, Karl von Wiegand, American journalist, who put the *Graf Zeppelin* on the newspaper map of the world, gave up his return ticket from Lakehurst to Friedrichshafen, of the Europe Pan-American flight, to Sir Hubert, and I gave up mine to Lady Wilkins.

Sir Hubert was one of my most interesting travelling companions on the *Graf Zeppelin's* Round-the-World flight last August. When we landed at Lakehurst on completion of the world flight Sir Hubert immediately disappeared. Next day we read that he had married. A few days later he left on his second Antarctic Expedition, leaving his bride behind.

Just returned from the Antarctic before we arrived at Lakehurst from Rio de Janeiro and Pernambuco on the Zeppelin, Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins decided on the novelty of the world's first transocean aerial honeymoon trip. They are now in Switzerland.

Considerable progress has been made by Sir Hubert in his almost-fantastically daring, dangerous, and adventurous Under-the-Ice-to-the-North-Pole submarine exploration project. Though savouring, as it does, of Jules Verne romance, he has found backers, and the idea is materializing into form and promise of actual undertaking.

Although Wilkins is British, it is the American Navy Department, I hear, that is ready to lease a submarine to him for the sum of 1 dollar—4s.—for his proposed Under-the-Sea-to-the-Pole expedition. Mr. William Randolph Hearst, American "Newspaper King," who financed Sir Hubert's Antarctic Exploration, also the *Graf Zeppelin* Round-the-World Flight, is again willing to back him in his new sensational venture.

There is also a possibility that Lincoln Ellsworth, wealthy American explorer, at whose castle in Switzerland Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins are staying, may join him. The Commander and some of the crew of the submarine have already been tentatively picked.

"My plan is entirely practical, and not nearly as dangerous as some people think," remarked Sir Hubert. "I am not in the least afraid of being caught under the ice. The region immediately around the Pole is almost entirely free of ice."

The North Pole promises to have a hard time of it in 1931. With Wilkins sneaking up on it under the sea, the International Aero-Arctic Society, headquarters Berlin, plans to attack the Pole from the air with a number of scientists in the *Graf Zeppelin* in the same year.

LADY-BIRDS OF THE AIR.—"Wonderful little girl!" That is what the Editor of *The New York Evening Journal* calls Miss Amy Johnson.

So say we all—except? With universal admiration for Miss Johnson's achievement in particular and for British women in the air in general, is it not just a little surprising to find a note in some of our own journals which, broadly interpreted, reveals a disposition somewhat to dim the glory of the aerial feat of a British woman, and to cavil at the Empire-wide enthusiasm that it spontaneously evoked?

Mr. C. G. Grey, very able Editor of that interesting British journal, *The Aeroplane*, writes:—

"Mass psychology is a queer thing. Can anybody explain just why we should be so excited or, to use the expressive American phrase 'all het up' because Miss Amy Johnson has successfully reached Australia by air?"

He gives himself his own answer with "Judged as a woman's performance, it was wonderful." But he could not leave out the little dig, that "Judged as a pilot's (of course a man) performance, it was just a very good flight."

The world judged it as a woman's performance—a solo flight to Australia by a lone woman who had but recently obtained her pilot's licence and who was not a professional aviator as have been the men who preceded her. Mr. Grey writes of the "hysteria in the Daily Press."

In another number of *The Aeroplane* Mr. Grey complains that the Press utterly ignored the annual dinner of the British Air League. A little enthusiasm over any feat that makes the British public more airminded does no harm. It is an unfortunate British characteristic to belittle our own national achievements. Mass psychology is a queer thing. Usually, but not always, there is a strong relation between it and big headlines in the newspapers. Even editors, who are supposed to be almost infallible judges of it, and who tell you with pride that their newspapers have big circulations because they give the public what they want, make mistakes.

When Colonel Lindbergh was about to start on his epochal transatlantic flight in 1927, he offered for only £1,000 his "story" to one of the most prominent of American editors, head of the largest group of newspapers in America.

"The public hasn't the slightest interest in it" was the editor's reply.

Three days later he cabled to Lindbergh, just arrived in Paris, an offer of £10,000 (ten thousand pounds) for the same "story." Too late. The achievement had struck a spark to the latent air-mindedness of the American people. It became the basis of the aviation industry in the United States, and the inspiration of the youth of America.

To-day there are 11,914 licensed pilots in America and 4,936 "student pilots," according to official figures. Not being able to make Lindbergh a "Sir Knight," he was made a "Colonel." To Americans Miss Amy Johnson has become the "Lady Lindbergh of England."

British women flyers have done as much, if not more, to popularize flying than the men. It is perhaps Miss Johnson's greatest service that she has stirred an apathetic public in Britain to a degree of airmindedness and to an interest in the air that none of our male flyers have been able to do.

British women flyers are outstanding amongst women in the world of air. They are as widely known abroad by name as are any of our men aviators. In New York the other day I asked in an aviation circle what British flyers are known to them by name. Amy Johnson, Lady Heath, Lady Bailey, the Duchess of Bedford were known to all. Of our men they know Sir Alan Cobham, Mr. Bert Hinckler, and Mr. Kingsford-Smith.

America has two hundred licensed women flyers. Strangely enough, only two, Amelia Earhart and Elinor Smith are widely known to the public. With the exception of Miss Earhart, who braved the dangers of the Atlantic with two men, none have made the long flights that any of our above-mentioned British women have made.

The American "99 Club," composed wholly of women pilots, hopes to place its services at the disposal of the country in the event of war.

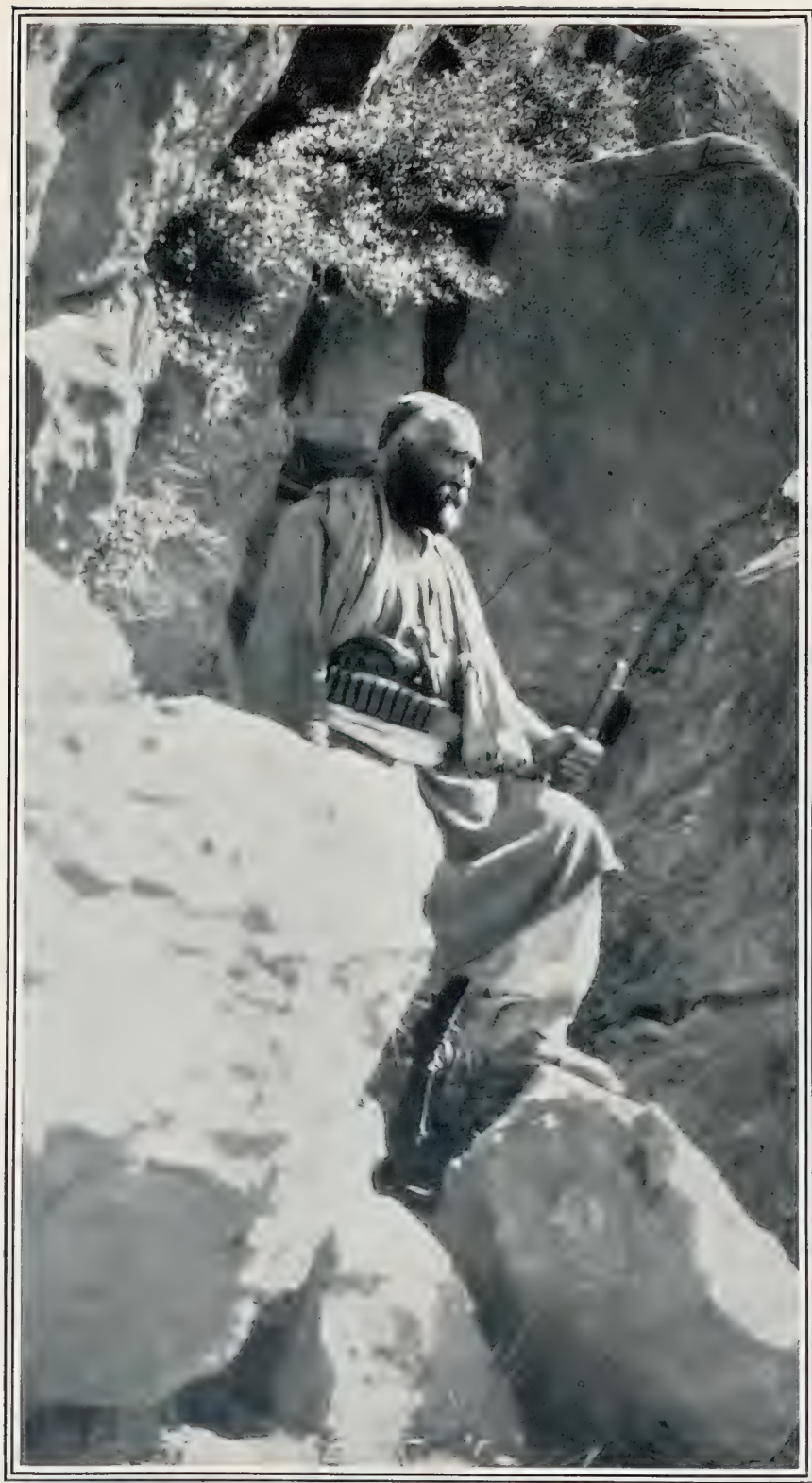
Men need not worry about the lady-birds in the air. The men will dominate in the sky as they do on *terra firma*. It is absurd to talk of "rivalry" except in occasional achievements. If we women fly we must not forget that it is the men who give us the wings.

WOMEN IN THE AIR: One of the most enthusiastic practitioners of the modern craze, Miss Batlivala, a distinguished Parsee, who is learning to fly at Heston

COLONEL LINDBERGH AND HIS MOTHER: Mrs. Lindbergh has apparently "inherited" from her distinguished son an enthusiasm for aerial transport

Clearing up the "RED SHIRTS" on the INDIAN FRONTIER

The Sudden Rise and Fall of a Bolshevist-led Movement on the Peshawar Front



RAW MATERIAL FOR THE "RED SHIRT" MOVEMENT: A typical Hastnagar youth from the Charsadda district. On left: *A living rock of a rocky land. An Afreedi tribesman in a typical natural fortress*

COMBATING THE "RED SHIRT": The Poona Horse Gallops out of Peshawar to cope with disciples of Moscow

The "Red Shirts" are a body of men in the Peshawar District which has adopted a Quasi-Garibaldian uniform. The membership has of late increased from 700 to 25,000 and it has allied itself with the "Frontier Youth League," a firebrand organization renowned for brutal crimes. The outlying strongholds which have been held by this unofficial force the colour of whose uniform is "forbidden" by the religion, Islam, of its members (red is tabû to Muslims for wearing apparel) are being rapidly taken over. Untold praise is due to Mr. S. E. Pears, the new Chief Commissioner, for the efficacy of his *régime*. The avalanche of lawlessness has been stopped as by an omnipotent hand. Whether or no the check is final remains for time to show, but the latest news is the most hopeful we have received for many moons. It is a question, also, whether the "Red Shirts" are a body of fanatical Muhammadans or a group deriving their spiritual as their material sustenance from Moscow. The latter hypothesis is, on paper, the more probable. Hammer and Sickle badges, a motto "Peasants and workers of the world, unite," the heraldic significance of the use of red, the system of *jirgas* (councils) the "Red Shirts" endeavour to institute in villages, all are phenomena common both to Soviet Russia and the Frontier. The leader Abdul Ghaffar Khan is a well-known Bolshevist and many of his lieutenants have taken the Golden Road to Samarkand and thence to Tashkent where stood a Soviet propaganda school. Money it would seem, unquestionably is alien in origin, but whether it is derived from Allahabad or Moscow is not yet definitely discovered although the supposition is strong that the Bear is at the back of the movement.

KANGCHENJUNGA.

The Story of the Repeated Attacks on this Still Virgin Peak is Here Told by

MAJOR KENNETH MASON

Hon. editor of "The Himalayan Journal," the official publication of the Himalyan Club

The Zemu Gap, which gives a short cut from the eastern to the northern approach. Simone is on the left

Kangchenjunga, or according to His Highness the Maharajah of Sikkim, on whose borders the great mountain lies, more correctly *Kang-Chen-mdZod-iNga*—"The Five Treasures of the Great Snows"—is as far as we know at present the third highest mountain of our earth. The latest calculations of the Survey of India attach to it a height of 28,227 ft., with a possible error of 12 ft. This brings it to within 23 ft. of K2, the second highest. Seen from Darjeeling, the hill-station in the Eastern Himalaya, it dominates the whole panorama of the snows. It lies on the boundary of Sikkim and Nepal, approximately 150 miles S.E. of Everest, and rises from a stupendous ridge running from north to south, culminating in a twin summit, the northern of which is 28,227 and the southern 320 ft. lower.

North and west from the higher summit and south and east from the lower, great ice-clad buttresses support the massif and enclose ice-filled basins which feed the four main glaciers of the mountain—the Zemu Glacier, draining the N.E. quadrant between the northern and eastern arêtes; the Talung, that between the eastern and the southern: the Yalung Glacier, the south-western quadrant; and the Kangchenjunga Glacier, the north-western. A subsidiary buttress supports the northern arête on its eastern flank and extends a short distance into the head of the Zemu Glacier; this is known as the North-east Spur. The approach to the highest summits of Kangchenjunga must lie by one of these glaciers.

But the climate here is treacherous and the climbing season short, two factors which increase the difficulties enormously. May 1 is the earliest that any attempt can be made, and less than five weeks of weather fit for climbing, in a good year, are then available before the monsoon breaks over the southern faces. Under the lee of the east and west arêtes, on the northern approaches to the mountain, finer weather may be hoped for, but not counted upon. In an average year the monsoon begins to clear from the Sikkim Himalaya about mid-September, and a fine spell may be expected for five or six weeks. But even these two periods of probable fine weather are broken by fierce blizzards, which render climbing impossible and living at high altitudes extremely perilous.

Serious, well-planned attempts to reach the summit of Kangchenjunga have only become possible during the last few years, for the ascent of a high peak in the Himalaya is dependent on the accumulation of knowledge. Sir Joseph Hooker, the great nineteenth-century naturalist, who explored a great part of Sikkim, did not approach Kangchenjunga, and it was not till 1881 that Captain H. J. Harman, R.E., of the Survey of India, penetrated the eastern gorges leading to the Talung Glacier. Two years later Mr. W. W. Graham made some notable ascents on the lesser summits in the Kabru neighbourhood, south of that glacier, while between 1889 and 1902 the late Mr. Claude White, Political Officer of Sikkim, carried out some valuable reconnaissances in the south-east quadrant, between the Pandim and Simvu groups.

In 1899 Mr. Douglas Freshfield, accompanied by Professor Garwood, the brothers Sella and Rinzin Namgyal, a Survey of India "Pandit," made a complete high-level circuit of the mountain. It is on Freshfield's observations that all subsequent ideas for the conquest of Kangchenjunga have been based. Freshfield chose the post-monsoon period, and leaving Darjeeling on September 5, ascended the Tista Valley to Lachen. The party passed up the Poki Chu and the Zemu Glacier, but any attempt to force a passage over the range immediately north of Kangchenjunga was frustrated by bad weather. A long detour was therefore made via Lhonak and the Jonsong Pass further north, whence the Kangchenjunga Glacier was reached. From here Freshfield examined the north-western approaches. In view of the attempt this year, it is interesting to recall his vivid description of Kangchenjunga from this side of the glacier, which fills the north-western quadrant; he writes: "It has its origin in a snow plateau, or rather terrace, lying under the highest peak at an elevation of some 27,000 ft., that is only 1,200 ft. below the summit. This glacier affords what, in my opinion, is the only direct route to Kangchenjunga which is not impracticable." Freshfield completed the circuit by crossing the Singalila Range south of Kangchenjunga by the Kang La.

The first attempt to climb the mountain was in 1905, when Dr. Guillarmod, M. Reymond, M. Pache, M. de Righi, and Mr. Crowley attacked the mountain by the Yalung Glacier. Towards the end of August, after an early break-up of the monsoon, they cut up the ice below the south-west cliffs of the main peak, and on September 1 established a camp at 20,500 ft., whence Guillarmod, Pache, and de Righi, with three porters, started to descend to a lower camp. While traversing a snow-slope two porters slipped and the whole party was dragged down, Pache and three porters being killed. The first attempt thus ended in disaster.

No further assaults were made until 1929, but in the meanwhile several valuable reconnaissances were carried out. It is sufficient here to mention that of Raeburn, Tobin, and Crauford in 1920, when both the south-eastern and south-western faces were examined and ruled out as impracticable; and those of Tombazi and Boustead in 1925 and 1926, who explored the southern approaches of the Zemu Gap in the hope of finding a quick route from the south-eastern quadrant to the north-eastern, thereby avoiding the long marches by the Tista Valley and Poki Chu to the Zemu Glacier, and so saving valuable time.

The four quadrants of Kangchenjunga

Our knowledge at the beginning of 1929 may be summed briefly as follows. The three Mount Everest Expeditions had shown that, given favourable weather conditions, careful organization, determined leadership, and no insurmountable technical climbing difficulties, there is nothing to prevent an experienced party from attaining the highest summits of the earth. Everest had become politically inaccessible; K2 is believed to be physically unclimbable. Of Kangchenjunga, the north-western and south-western quadrants are to most of us politically inaccessible owing to the seclusion of Nepal. Raeburn, who had examined the south-western face, had pronounced it to be "vicious in the extreme, defended everywhere by overhanging masses of ice." Close reconnaissance had confirmed distant opinion that the ice armouring of the south-eastern face is impregnable. By a process of elimination we had at the founding of the Himalayan Club in 1928 come to the conclusion that the next attempt must be made in the more sheltered north-eastern quadrant, about which perhaps we knew least. The formation of this club has stimulated adventure in the high Himalaya, and no less than three attempts to climb Kangchenjunga have been made in 1929 and 1930.

The first of these ended in disaster. A young American, Mr. E. F. Farmer, set out in 1929 unaccompanied by any other white man, without divulging his intentions to anyone competent to advise or dissuade him. His sole companions were Sherpa and Bhutia porters, ill-equipped for high climbing. His resolve was only disclosed on their return after his death. Crossing the Kang La in May into Nepal, he took the route of the disastrous expedition of 1908, and on the 26th, with three porters, started up the ice-fall below the Talung saddle, the south-west cliffs of Kangchenjunga being on his left. The snow became soft and the ill-shod porters were unable to proceed or to dissuade Farmer from continuing alone; he went on and on, into the mist, the porters waving to him to descend. He was still climbing upwards at five o'clock, after which the mist enveloped him. Throughout the night the porters continued to signal the position of the camp by means of Meta fuel and electric torch, and on the following morning they renewed their vigil. As the sun topped the Talung ridge they caught a glimpse of him far above them on a steep snow slope, moving wildly with arms outstretched, probably snow-blind. Then he disappeared—to be seen no more. The second attempt, like the first, had ended in disaster.

Later in 1929 was made the third attempt, and there resulted one of the most brilliant exhibitions of climbing and endurance that has ever taken place in the Himalaya. The party comprised nine young Bavarians from Munich, all ardent mountaineers and first-rate climbers, led by Paul Bauer, who had already gained distinction in the Alps and Caucasus. At the end of July this party, with only three months' holiday before them, were at Darjeeling, where the Himalayan Club had collected the most experienced porters. After only three days' halt the party travelled by the Tista Valley and Poki Chu in the height of the monsoon, where a track had to be cut through the dripping rhododendron forest to the Zemu Glacier.

After a month's hard work bringing up supplies, Camp VI was pitched at 17,000 ft. on August 28, near the head of the Zemu Glacier, where, after several reconnaissances, it was decided to concentrate on the north-east spur leading to the northern arête immediately north of the highest summit. The next few days were occupied in trying to reach the crest of the spur. On September 2, 3, and 4 three attempts to gain this crest failed, each party being driven back by overhanging masses of ice. On the 6th at last the spur was conquered, and a staircase cut for the porters. A violent blizzard on the night of the 6th drove the party right back to Camp VI, which also had to be evacuated owing to avalanches. The whole track, cut with so much labour, was obliterated.

(Continued on p. 690)

The Bavarian party of last year with their laden bearers ascending an ice ridge on the immediate skirts of Kangchenjunga

KANGCHENJUNGA TRIUMPHANT

An IMMENSE ICE CLIFF on the APPROACHES to KANGCHENJUNGA

Photographs of mountain ranges and glaciers in the Himalayas are very often taken from distant points which dwarf the detail to such an extent as to mislead anyone who has no personal knowledge by which to read these photographic documents. One Past President of the Royal Geographical Society went so far as to say that he regretted the coming of the camera into mountaineering owing to this apparent reduction of the magnitude of the great peaks. To correct this tendency we give here a close-up study of a portion of a glacier wall such as the Kangchenjunga International Expedition has encountered during May and June. The size of the man standing in the ice tunnel will give a corrective to any misconception of the difficulty of penetrating the avenues of ice pinnacles and spectral glacier chasms which form the advance guard of the mountain against the intruders who would break the solitude of her summit.

"KANGCHENJUNGA has beaten us"

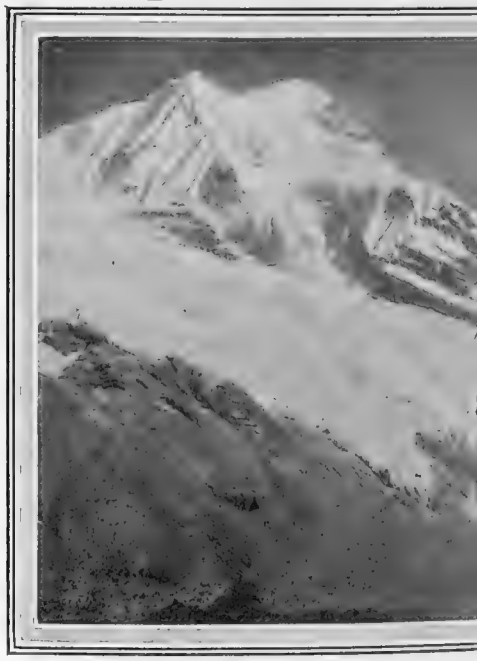
How the Terrible "Mother of Avalanches" has Forced Back the International Expedition by a Bombardment from its Hanging Ice Cliffs

By courtesy of Major Kenneth Mason

FROM THE SLOPES OF JUBONU: Dawn breaks on the icy peak of Kangchenjunga. The mountain offers ice and rock work as hard as the most exigent Alpine peaks but is also defended from human onslaughts by icy winds, rarified air, blizzards, and, worst of all, ice avalanches which take, in their fall of 6,000 ft., a mile or more of level glacier to the destruction of anything in their path

THE NORTH-EASTERN FACE: A close-up impregnability of Kangchenjunga. The seeming defiance of gravitation from th to that inviolate and infrangible law. P and annihil

THE LOWER ICE SLOPES OF THE HIMALAYAS: Over the crevassed fields of blinding white, standing out with the clarity of sable silhouettes, a party of hardy and intrepid mountaineers plod relentlessly. In the immensity of the "candid expanse of the snow" humanity is dwarfed to the significance of an ant



THE ONLY ANGLE OF POSSIBLE APPROACH is hardening in favour of making the next fail, the mountai

p view of the most virulent and violent protectors of the
nese are to be found in the nodes of ice which hang in
the precipitous slopes. They are, however, only too subject
Periodically these break off and fall over a mile, obliterating
hilating anything in their path

By courtesy of Herr Paul Bauer

CH: The eastern face of the great Himalayan peak. Opinion
ext attempt on this face as a *faute de mieux*. Should that
tain would have defeated all assaults

By courtesy of Herr Paul Bauer

THE NORTH-EASTERN RIDGE OF KANGCHENJUNGA: The latest expedition has failed with the western approach and deems the north more inviolate even than that. The south is admitted by all surveyors to be inaccessible. The Bavarian party got half way up the ridge seen on the right of this picture

What has Happened to London Architects?

Wonders NORMAN HILL

A MODERNIST DESIGN APPROVED BY MR. NORMAN HILL: The new wing of Olympia, which rivals any product of modern Germany

One day we may be privileged to read words of praise concerning the arrays of pictures, drawings, marbles, and miniatures which each year passes under the general heading of the "Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy." From the time that the memory of man goeth not back to the contrary, the private view of this Exhibition has been commemorated by a storm of abuse. In my fancy I visualize the art critics of our islands waiting impatiently for the first days of May so that they can pour forth the venom and acrimony left behind from the memory of a cold and sterile winter. I fancy the austere and more venerable Royal Academicians shrinking from perusal of what other men think of the work of their hands and palettes. The year 1930 is having the usual summer exhibition. It has also had a rather more than usual share of abuse. The tradition that this particular year's Royal Academy is the worst in the history of that estimable but antiquated institution is being firmly maintained.

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose is applicable to the outcome of most everyday affairs. But the Royal Academy would appear to be different. It is always the same because it never changes. It is bound to yield its crop of "problem" pictures which are not problems at all. It is bound to give currency to little jokes which have the misfortune to be born without humour. It is bound to establish the "picture of the year" which is doomed to a limbo somewhere for popular enthusiasms ere the Christmas logs are crackling up the chimney. It is bound to make the young say "frightful" and the old "pretty."

The most noteworthy thing about the criticisms of the Royal Academy is that they are nearly all confined to discussion of the paintings in oils, tempera, and water-colours. Words pour by the thousand in contempt of portraits which are fated to be ephemeral, or landscapes which are certain to be forgotten. One must not complain unduly, for over three-quarters of the Exhibition are given over to what Mr. Nevinson would call "daubs" and Sir David Murray "works of art." The galleries where pictures are hung "on the line" are crowded by visitors during the three months of summer, but the small room which displays the various ideas of our modern architects receives only the scantiest attention. And this is all the more paradoxical in a building age in which painting on canvas is becoming of less importance every year.

I am not disposed to enter into controversy concerning the merits or demerits of the Orpens, Johns, Laverys, Greiffenhagens, Farquharsons, and Philpots. The Royal Academy may deserve all the strictures it receives or it may not, according to individual points of view. But it can surely be contended without certain fear of contradiction that if the architectural exhibits at present on view in one of the rooms of Burlington House are representative of the outlook of the Royal Academicians, then the members are lagging behind the wheels of progress. It would appear that the new movements in building and architecture find no favour in Piccadilly, for nine-tenths of the suggestions for new buildings carry on the old idea of pretty curves and ornate friezes with windows that give no light and doors which betray no loftiness.

This is the age of machines. Machines are the vitals of modern life. There are many who regard a machine as a work of art. I know men who expand on the mention of the streamlines of a roadster or the easeful grace of tons of steel fashioned into a locomotive. But whether you regard a machine as an æsthetic asset in progress or a deplorable necessity, it must be agreed that a machine is essentially a utilitarian creation in which every screw and shank must serve its purpose. Machines must never be laden with parts which are not strictly necessary to the working of the whole.

We are living so much by virtue of machines that unconsciously our whole outlook is changing. Even in its vast complications, a machine is a comprehensible thing. I repeat—everything in it is necessary to its effective power of motion. And by analogy, knowing that men's minds fit into their environment in a remarkably short space of time, the habitations of men are gradually assuming a similar cut-and-dried simplicity or utilitarianism. The whole trend of architecture in buildings and houses is making for the utterly essential. Unnecessary decoration is superfluous as well as being expensive. It is being rapidly discarded by every architect of imagination—except in Burlington House.

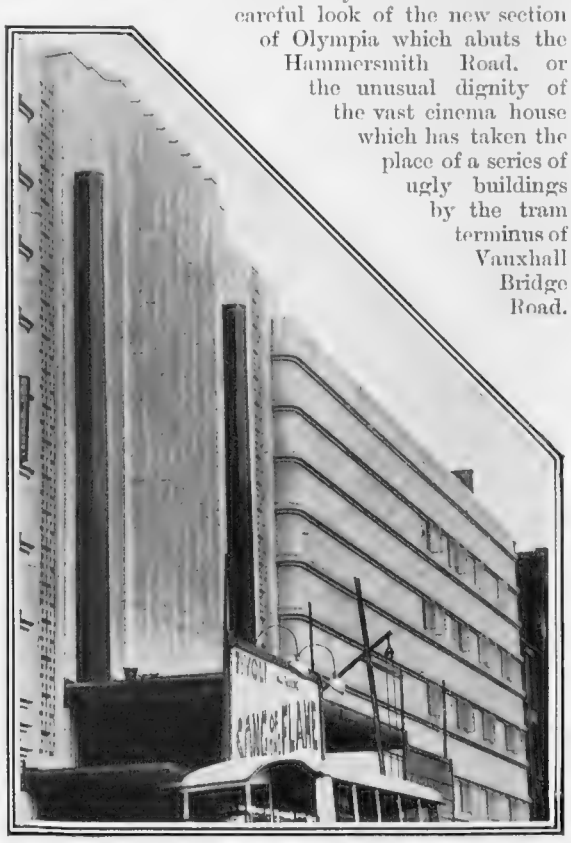
The greatest builders of the early days of civilization delighted in the power and beauty of straight lines and slight curves. It remained for lesser men to disturb those perfect harmonies with frills and furbelows in stone and metal. Decoration reached the nadir of its banality in the days of Queen Victoria and stucco.

The new generation is not disposed to live and work in houses and offices and factories of the same unsatisfactory, dark, and unhealthy type their fathers knew. This is an age of endeavour—of glorious simplicity in concrete and stone; of heights and distances; of great ideas in the use of line and colour. The next generation will go one further. It will demand houses that live in the sun all the waking hours. It will require windows that are windows and not holes in the wall. It will demand lofty rooms of a simplicity bordering on the severe—rooms without corners to harbour dust and crannies to breed disease. It will demand to see in its street fine edifices of individuality—not the cheap imitations of the classical and Gothic which now mar the more modern portions of the great industrial and business centres. The new generation is not opposed to the old and genuine. It simply very healthily resents the imitative and the fake. It requires something new in the way of architecture. And it does not cry in vain, for there are architects who have shown their genius and skill in constructing buildings suited to the changed and semi-mechanical taste of the ages. The poor painters—of the kind who do not express their poverty of ideas on the walls of Burlington House—have also tried, and failed dismally, because they have mistaken odd shapes for conscientious works of art.

In the architectural room of Burlington House there are always a few models. Now everyone acquainted with architects' models know beforehand that they are deceptive. A model may be indicative of a fine design which will eventually produce a bad building and vice versa. It is to be hoped that the reverse analogy will apply to the model of the Earl Haig Homes at Liverpool. Here we have displayed a square of brick boxes which are intended for the habitation of men and women of the twentieth century. They are mean and small, and their tiny dimensions imply something akin to pauperization. Surely even the homes of the poor are entitled to space. The earth is large enough for that. Here you have the idea of the cottage carried to excess. And it could have been done so differently. If proof be required, then a trip to Vienna alone is necessary. In the Austrian capital there are huge schemes for workmen's dwellings which have the dignity of palaces. They have courtyards and swimming baths, communal washing-houses which are not dingy, and great recreation rooms which combine every modern idea of space and light.

You look in vain for such things in the designs of architecture in the Royal Academy. No recognition is paid to the great work which is actually going on in this country imitative of the new schools of architecture in Holland and Germany. The Royal Academicians, in their slowness of thought, seem still to forget that it was British architecture which was responsible for the great glories of American skyscrapers. They are certainly forgetting that housing is the most important art, as well as science, of the day, and that old-fashioned ideas are no longer applicable.

The Royal Academy is failing to give the lead to the new ideas. Happily, architects are not waiting word from Burlington House to get ahead. Already London has an earnest of what simplicity in architecture can do for the beauty and individuality of a city. And if you require illustration you must take a careful look of the new section of Olympia which abuts the Hammersmith Road, or the unusual dignity of the vast cinema house which has taken the place of a series of ugly buildings by the tram terminus of Vauxhall Bridge Road.



THE NEW CINEMA HOUSE IN THE VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD: A building of the modern school which is bringing Vienna and Berlin to London

Architectural Effort at Home and Abroad

YET ANOTHER "WORLD'S BIGGEST": The Merchandise Mart, which has more floor space than any other building, was officially opened in Chicago recently

A PROTEST AGAINST THE STARK LINES OF MODERNITY: Many English architects cling to the homely and comfortable styles, eschewing alike the skyscrapers of America and the slab-like formations of the Continent. Late Tudor and Jacobean London flats are seen above—to the disgust of Mr. Norman Hill, who in his article on the facing page clamours for less old-fashioned architecture

TO HARMONIZE WITH THE SURROUNDING LANDSCAPE: The new crematorium in Foest (Lansitz) Germany. Dr. Kuhn is the designer of this melange of the Gothic, Modernist German, and semi-saracenic schools which give to the untutored eye rather the impression of a decor designed by Leon Bakst with his saving colour-sense obliterated. It is, however, an exceedingly fine piece of work judged by the modernist canons of the static art

THE EFFECTIVE USE OF SMALL BRICKS: The new block of flats executed in small bricks and stone facings in Oxford Street, near the Marble Arch. The introduction of classical columns lends a distinction to the whole scheme. This block is reared on the site of Hereford Gardens where, but a few short months ago, grew the last trees in Oxford Street

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

The art of casting a play lies in portraying the characters as nearly as possible to the mental pictures one would form of them, if one were reading the play in the form of a story. Therefore, if a gay lady is a character in a play, one would reasonably expect to find an actress playing this rôle who would look and behave like one of *ces dames*. If the part is that of the most successful *demi-mondaine* of the Victorian era, namely, Marguerite Gautier in *The Lady of the Camellias*, one should have the right to demand that she be of more than passing beauty with sufficient allure and appeal to extract 15,000 francs (at a time when a franc *was* a franc) from an admirer by a smile and still make him think it is cheap at the price!

Ludmilla Pitoëff's rendering of the name-part of this play in the International Season at the Globe Theatre has much to commend it. She is a great actress, but never gives the impression of a woman with an open mind about right and wrong as long as wrong pays her well. It may be argued that her love for Armand changes her entire personality, but before this "grand passion" is born (in the early scenes) she always looked too much of the saint. I did not see her as St. Joan, but can imagine her as magnificent.

It is true that Marguerite Gautier was of peasant birth, but she would never have reached a high position in her profession without losing most, if not all, of a peasant's gaucherie. *The Lady of the Camellias* seems only to be produced when an actress with the necessary influence feels she would like to play the chief part, whether this rôle suits her or not. Otherwise I cannot see any reason for the play being put on at all.

At the time it was first presented to the public it probably caused quite a stir as it was considered slightly improper, just as Sudermann's *Magda* created the same impression later, but in these enlightened days of seeing Diana Wynyard in bed on the stage, we cannot even start being shocked and the play becomes a bore, unless, of course, a great actress moves us to tears when we go to see it merely to admire her histrionic prowess.

I repeat—Madame Pitoëff *is* a great actress, but at the end of the performance I eagerly examined the eyes of every member of the audience without finding a single tear.

IN "THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM": Mr. Godfrey Tearle as Archer and Miss Cherry Cotterell as Cherry in the revival at the Royalty

The play was presented on a platform, which might possibly have been the same one that was used in Moissi's *Hamlet*, as I believe I recognized the creaks. A bordered frame was used as a false proscenium, which made the actual stage-room so small that the players were crowded in the first scene. The production and supporting cast were reminiscent of the Municipal Theatre at Lille, excepting for the forceful Armand of Monsieur Raymond Dagand.

There has been a lot of talk recently of the reported demise of talking pictures. This is just as absurd as it could be. It is true that the initial novelty has worn off and that talking pictures will now be judged by the public on their merits as entertainment, but only very few silent pictures will have any chance of success, and then they will have to be very exceptional, such as *The White Hell of Pitz Palu*, shown recently at the Regal.

The trouble is that London has reached saturation-point as far as cinemas are concerned, and there are not enough good films to go round. If by some chance every picture theatre in London happened to be showing a really good film, there would not be enough money to go round to enable them all to play to profitable business.

A slight reaction has set in, and the talkies have reached their proper level. Although during the first years of their life they have taken a lot of money away from the theatres, they have also done them some good, as they have made the managers more careful in the selection of plays, and induced some of them to do something to make their theatres more comfortable.

I have just received an interesting letter from a friend in California, in which he says that in the City of Los Angeles, out of thirty theatres, four are running talkies only; eleven, pictures combined with variety; whilst fifteen theatres are presenting orthodox stage shows, either musical comedies or plays. It is interesting to note how little the talkies have harmed the theatre in a town colossally interested in pictures owing to its proximity to Hollywood. Los Angeles must be luckier with its theatrical managers than we are.

Of all the films that have been produced, there is not one that can approach *All Quiet on the Western Front* in excitement, staggering production, and amazing detail, considering that the picture was taken 7,000 miles away from the scenes it portrays.

The battle scenes are so terribly real that I am (without undue exaggeration) afraid that the Army Council will be inundated with applications for renewals of pensions by ex-soldiers because of the re-occurrence of shell-shock. To get the proper atmosphere it is necessary that one or two gruesome scenes are shown, but these are so quickly flashed on the screen that their horror is not properly conceived. The picture is yet almost more than some people will be able to bear, and I should advise them to stay away, but every young man should go and see it who was lucky enough to be too young to be put in the uncomfortable position of feeling as if every gun in the German Army was shooting at him. It might do something to train his mind to realize that dying for one's country is not all the fun some people try and make out, and thus help to prevent future wars. I would particularly like to take some of the gentlemen who were responsible for the mud-and-blood-bath of Passchendale to view this astonishing masterpiece.

THE PERFECT SECRETARY: The brilliant entertainer, Miss Ruth Draper, in the character of Miss Nichols. In a sketch entitled "Three Women and Miss Clifford," Miss Draper as Mr. Clifford's secretary, successfully extricates him from all difficulties in the most adroit fashion

NOT CLOSE OF PLAY!
THE TOP SCORERS.

	Runs.
The First Mrs. Frazer	409 performances
Bitter Sweet	393 "
The Middle Watch	367 "
Almost a Honeymoon	243 "
A Warm Corner	213 "
The Man in Possession	181 "
Nine Till Six	177 "
Silver Wings	151 "
Here Comes The Bride	150 "
A Night Like This	147 "
Cochran's 1930 Revue	105 "
Three Musketeers	103 "

Up to and including Friday, June, 27, 1930.

The fact that the actors spoke American disturbed me little, although after talking this language all the time it seemed incongruous that one of them should write *To Paris* in German (*Nach Paris*) on the schoolroom blackboard. Also the singing of the songs in German was a trifle odd, but the tragedy of the whole thing was so immense that the audience probably did not notice this mixture of language.

I have never before seen an audience so gripped by any show in a place of entertainment. Their silence was awe-inspiring; on the evening I saw the picture, when the hero crept out of cover and the film showed a French sniper about to fire at him, a woman in the upper circle screamed hysterically "Get down," and I did not hear a single laugh! This shows how much the audience "lived" the story of the film, as on most occasions a remark of this nature would have been a signal for a general guffaw.

Louis Wollheim, as a sort of German "Old Bill," gives a great performance. So does Lewis Ayres, who evokes an extraordinary amount of sympathy as the hero. This young man should go far, and the film should pack the Alhambra and the Regal for weeks.

At the Coliseum, Anton Dolin, recently returned from America, is presenting quite an ambitious dance "divertissement." (There must be a Trade Union rule that forces one to use this term when talking about dancing.)

When he first dashed on the stage, for one horrible moment he reminded me of Tate about to annihilate a few Australian giants, but I soon forgot these frivolous thoughts in admiration of his superb artistry. He is assisted by a young man called Paul Haakon, who is not only a fine dancer but (a rarity in ballet!) has a most agreeable and pleasant personality. Unfortunately, in one of his efforts, he did a number of what looked liked croquet shots with a mashie.

The show is divided into two parts, the second of which has little to recommend it excepting twenty-four pleasant and pretty girls who danced charmingly. There was some mild choral singing, of which I did not understand a word, neither did I understand what the *scena* was all about. The programme informed me that it was called "Away from the Blues" (whatever that may mean), and that the music was by one Marc Anthony.

The International Horse Show at Olympia is one of the best of non-professional entertainments given during our wonderful London Season. There is always more of a thrill in the unexpected and unrehearsed than in the most carefully planned spectacle, however good.

Still, the only rehearsed items—the musical ride and display by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—are excellent. In the former they reminded me of a sort of equine Tiller Troupe—only they were more graceful.

Nobody who is fond of horses should miss it, and those who are not fond of horses should also see it. I am sure it would convert them. I especially recommend Americans to pay a visit to Olympia, as we do this sort of thing so much better than they do at Madison Square Garden, New York.

I would, however, advise male visitors to leave their girl friends at home, as, if taken, they would surely lose their hearts to the dashing Foreign Cavalry Officers in gorgeous uniforms who are picturesquely scattered about the artistically decorated auditorium.

ASCOT an IMPROMPTU REGATTA

A Record of the Deluge on the Fatal Wednesday

"COMIN' THRO' THE"——*MUD!* Wading was the sole method of progression when torrential rain struck the Royal race-course. A bookmaker in Tattersall's was struck by lightning in the storm

THE (FOOT) BATH CLUB! A scene in the Bath Club Tent at Ascot with the waiters, paddling about in the water well over their ankles, saving what they may from the wreck the prodigious storm created

A HUMAN HORSE: An incident proving that the age of chivalry, even on the Heath, is not yet totally defunct

VENICE, BERKS! The Wednesday of last week was notable for Ascot being completely drowned out in a torrential and deafening rain and thunder storm. Some of the incidents on both sides of the railings are recorded above. Chairs were used as stepping-stones, and puddles, 18 in. deep, were commonplaces of the day. The racing was cancelled, ten events being held on Thursday and Friday. At Aldershot, only a few miles away, there was no rain whatsoever

The MANTLE of DICKENS

French Wit, German Courtesy, Russian Mud-slogging, and Literary Personalities

By CECIL ROBERTS

I rarely visit music-halls owing to the sad fact that I am unable to find anything funny which is deliberately organized. Professional comedians are, to my mind, the saddest of human specimens. Similarly, humorous authors depress me. I have never been able to read Mr. A. P. Herbert, who, everyone assures me, is a genius in his particular line. After struggling with a tiresome lady called Topsy, a congenital idiot if ever there was one, I gave up trying to join the riotous sect of the Herberts, whose life seems one long grin. And now I have to withdraw everything I have thought about A. P. H. I knew he could make a pretty political speech. I once met him in Winston Churchill's room, hot from propagating the political gospel at Liverpool, and about to do his best for his admired friend in Leicester. From time to time I have heard, second-hand, some rare and unpublished poems sung by the Herberts, one of which, concerning the birth of a Royal baby, is so good that I am sure it would bring joy to Buckingham Palace, despite its *lèse-majesté*. But here is the A. P. H. who has held me entranced, and for whom I would sacrifice ten years of his funniness for one page of his humanity. I think *The Water Gipsies* (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) will delight a world tired of unusual people. Here is all the humanity of Dickens, the love, the insight, the playful kindliness of that author, in a setting that Mr. Herbert knows well. It is a long book but not a line too long.

AN ENGLISH AUTHOR OF DISTINCTION: Mr. A. P. Herbert (A. P. H. of Punch*), whose new novel is a thing of great beauty*

And how Mr. Herbert knows his low life, his river, his canals, his barges, and, perhaps best of all, his intellectual circles—"where the Murray Clares lived, and had a flat (with studio) on the top floor. He painted vaguely, and she was vaguely on the stage; but they had money definitely."

Mr. Herbert has been three years writing this novel. I hope it will have such a sale that for three more years he will be saved from the sad business of being funny. The mantle of Dickens fits his shoulders with unforgettable grace.

In common with many of my contemporaries I regard myself as an intelligent young man. But now and then a kind friend gives me a violent push into the empty recesses of my mind, and I rudely realize how far away is omniscience. I had never heard of Colette! Hands will be held up in horror and derision at this abysmal ignorance. Yet I know the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain better than those of London—I should have written "that," for I have found only one, which shall not be named, since it would cease the moment it became self-conscious.

A GERMAN AUTHOR OF DISTINCTION: Dr. Friedrich Rosen

Colette, I am told, is the modern George Sand, she looms in the eye of the Parisian much as of old did the divine Sarah. Audacious, salacious, subtle, she is all that a Frenchwoman can be, without being nasty, and a French writer may be, without being censored. Here in *Mitsou* (Gollancz. 6s.) is the portrait of a third-rate little variety artiste into whose dressing-room walks a young officer on leave. She is supported by the Man of Means she does not love and is dismayed to find she can fall in love. There is as poor Jane desired, a night of love, and the usual end. It is the oldest, most threadbare story in the world, but as told by Colette it is a polished gem whose facets reflect a hundred shafts of her wit.

"Harry Crawford was unable to learn any language besides his own, which was English. He was about five years old, and I was younger." Such is the opening sentence of Dr. Friedrich Rosen's *Oriental Memories* (Methuen. 15s.). Young Rosen, therefore, learnt English, and how thoroughly let this admirably-written book prove. The eminent diplomat and Orientalist has a long and fascinating story to tell. He unfolds it with great skill and unfailing charm of manner. His life's work covers a varied field—Jerusalem, Egypt, India, Persia, Syria, and Germany. The chapters on Persia are the most absorbing, for His Excellency combined the knowledge of a great Orientalist with the confidence of the people among whom he spent the largest portion of his life.

It seems incredible that until some twenty years ago the darkest years of the Middle Ages seem an enlightened era contrasted with Persia under the sway of its autocratic Shah. This wily occupant of the Peacock Throne had a nicely cultivated taste for executions. His servants carried a belt in readiness for the cry "Strangle him!" There was no delay between sentence and execution, once the victim stood before the "Blissful Presence." Yet the Shah combined savagery with a pretty wit, and there is sharp irony in his essay on the English Fire Brigade, written after a visit to London:

> "They have invented beautiful means of saving men. But the wonder is in this, that on the one hand they take such trouble and originate such appliances for the salvation of man from death, when, on the other hand, in the armouries, arsenals, and workshops of Woolwich in England, and of Krupp in Germany, they contrive fresh engines for the quicker and more multitudinous slaughter of the human race."

Dr. Rosen regards the War between Germany and England as the greatest folly in history. Had minds and spirits such as his been in power it is unlikely that terrible chapter would ever have been written. There emanates from this book such a spirit of sweet reason, of courtesy and scholarship, that even now, after the debacle, Dr. Rosen gives proof of the depth of his affection for our race and the men he encountered fulfilling this nation's policy. There is a hint that he may write a second volume. If it proves half as absorbing as this it will find a welcome. In Persia he encountered the early Gertrude Bell, already a noticeable figure, and many years later they met again in Jerusalem. One suspects that Germany made the fullest use of Mr. Rosen's unrivalled knowledge of the East during the War. He has probably an astounding story to give us from the other side.

The other day I found myself the guest of the Lyceum Club, having as fellow-guests Lord Darling and Mr. Ernest Raymond. The former, from long experience of knowing the power and pleasure of the last word, elected to speak after me. I bore aloft, on the instructions of my hosts, the banner of romance, which Lord Darling tore down with the zest of one who scorns to read fiction and prefers to write poetry. I looked for Mr. Raymond, in responding for the guests, to gather the shreds of our trampled banner, but he basely deserted, pleading no ability in extempore speech. I hope he will not be excused by Mr. John Galsworthy and the company now visiting Poland as delegates of the P. E. N. Club, for he has a good voice and presence.

There are many of us sad these days because of the loss of St. John Adcock. He was something more than the Editor of *The Bookman*. He was the kindest and most hard-working man in Fleet Street. I do not know how many millions of words he wrote in his life of ceaseless labour, but I am sure not fifty of them were unkind. He spent so much time finding merit in other people's books that he never had any time for pushing his own—the most consistent labour of many authors these days. The death of a gifted daughter struck him at his weakest moment, success in the full sense never lifted his delicate craft into the tide of fame, yet nothing ever dimmed the sparkle of his eyes, the Charles Lamb-like spirit of his talk. A Collected Edition of his poetry, seen through the Press before his death, will keep his name alive. My memory is of him sitting in his Richmond garden, June and the scent of roses, and his cheerful face.

A FRENCH AUTHORESS OF DISTINCTION: "Colette," author of Cheri *and, more recently,* Mitsou

Really it should not be done. The Authors' Trade Union should limit output. Here is *Women and Monks* (Secker. 16s.), by a Russian, Josef Kallinikov. There are 900 pages of close print, and not an inspired paragraph anywhere. It is a long, tedious history of monks seducing women. After the seventh account I struck, skipped a hundred pages, and was again seduced. Two hundred more pages brought me to the Revolution, but nowhere does the narrative rise from the dead level of tedious industry. There is no reason why this book should not be 10,000 pages long. A pedestrian courage of this kind is not bound by any sense of selection or artistic synthesis. The author seems to be suffering from the idea that a big book is a great book. The translation is a model of smoothness.

Dame Henrietta Barnett has become an institution, but this collection of her addresses and writings, *Matters That Matter* (Murray. 7s. 6d.) will serve to prove that she is still a very spirited personality. She has never feared to say what she thought or do what she wished. Perhaps the finest example of her courage came out as a lecturer in the United States, where so many complaisant Englishmen are ready to apologize for their origin. Amid all this talk of being "finished" and "going under," what has Mrs. Barnett to say?

> "I have never seen anything in England, or indeed in Europe, to compare with what I have seen in Chicago, New York, and Pittsburgh. You can vote me a silly old lady, but in the last town I wept as I stood among the crazy, stinking tenements, the narrow courts strewn with garbage, utterly unfit even for pigs to live in."

The book is a great record of a great life. This country can never be finished while it can produce such women.

briefly commended

On the Track of Murder, by *Arthur Carey (late Deputy-Chief of the Homicide Bureau, New York).* **(Jarrolds. 18s. net.)**—A record of 30 years' real detecting, from which Mr. Carey has evolved a "philosophy of murder"—a classification of killers. The volume also offers a fascinating comparison between U.S. technique and the methods of the Yard.

Songs and Slang of the British Soldier—an Anthology and a Glossary, Edited by *John Brophy and Eric Partridge.* **(Eric Partridge at the Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A fair record of the military vocabulary in France and the East. The songs are not over bowdlerized—the inevitable dashes being an ineffectual disguise; the dictionary valuable; the introduction excellent.

Great Sea Stories of All Nations, Edited, with an Introduction, by *H. M. Tomlinson.* **(Harrap. 8s. 6d. net.)**—An anthology to endear itself to and stir the blood of anyone who thrills to the maritime traditions of our race or to the call of romance. Masefield, Wells, Stevenson, Loti, France, Ibañez, the Editor, and Conrad are a few of the authors represented. Legend, history, and romance of many nations are all treated of in this "omnibus."

The Handbook of Palestine and Trans-Jordan, Edited by *Harry Charles Luke and Edward Keith-Roach.* **(Macmillan, 16s. net.)**—The first issue of this book (which did not include Trans-Jordan) appeared in 1922, but the new edition has been expanded, not only by taking in a new subject but by including additional Holy Land matter.

An Unconventional Cricketer, by *Albert Kinross* **(Shaylor. 7s. 6d. net.)**—England's Test Captain has contributed an introduction to this last (and posthumously produced) book of memoirs by a journalist, a novelist, and a cricketer who was talented and "reputationed" in all three activities. A charming bedside book.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

THE LURE of the COCKTAIL BAR

How to Treat the Latest Adjunct of the Home

By DEREK PATMORE

Millar and Harris

IN A NEWLY-OPENED CLUB: The bar of Cymie's Club, Grosvenor Street, decorated by Miss Cynthia Hume

THE GARGOYLE CLUB: The bar is panelled in natural plywood and framed in aluminium and copper

Despite the protests of the "die-hards," cocktails are as popular as ever. In fact, the popularity of the cocktail threatens the extinction of that time-honoured institution of England—afternoon tea! Well may the old men shake their heads! Of course, we are now accustomed to the innumerable small cocktail clubs which are springing up all over London, and abroad we have often enjoyed those charming little "bars," usually delightfully decorated in the modern style, where one can have an aperitif and perhaps dance for a little while upstairs. We might even consider these small Continental bars a sophisticated version of our more prosaic public-houses—although several of these in the West End have boldly started cocktail bars! But now the cocktail bar threatens to invade the private home.

In many modern sitting-rooms a corner is now devoted to a miniature bar. Apart from frequently filling an awkward space or corner in a room, these small bars do give one's home an atmosphere of friendliness and hospitality. Moreover they can be made to look extraordinarily attractive and often a decorative feature of one's living-room. One of the most interesting of these bars for the home seen recently was made of glass with a semicircular top, and at the back of the bar the wall had been lined with a sheet of aluminium. This aluminium background was pierced with holes large enough to hold the necessary bottles, and was lit up from behind so that one could see the colour of the liquids inside the bottles—a most effective and heartening decoration!

Millar and Harris

GLASS AND GLASSES: A charmingly designed space-saving bar

ALL IN ONE: A cocktail cabinet in rosewood, designed by Desny, which, when closed, also holds the two stools

One of the latest ideas is to have a portable cocktail bar for your drawing-room or dining-room. These are made in the form of cupboards, and one of the best designs—made in polished rosewood and faced with pieces of aluminium—opens out like an ordinary cupboard to display a set of three small stools, a miniature bar which draws out in three parts, and shelves, complete with cocktail glass and bottles.

Another design is made in black lacquered wood in the form of a cupboard, and when it is opened there is a small lead-lined sink for cleaning the glasses, an ice-box, shelves for bottles, and the doors of the cupboard have been ingeniously fitted with holders to take several dozen of cocktail glasses. One of the advantages of these cupboards is that when they are closed they look like any ordinary kind of cupboard, and so can be placed in rooms furnished and decorated in period styles without striking a discordant note—moreover they are beautifully made and very decorative to look at.

A background of mirror is most effective for a small private bar in one's sitting-room. Mirrors will catch all the reflections of the glasses and the bottles, which in themselves make a striking decorative pattern on the walls. This particular treatment of a bar has been carried out with great success in one of the latest bars in Paris called Le Bateau Ivre. This has been decorated to look like a fantastic modern ship after the famous poem of Rimbaud's. The walls are lined with port-holes made of frosted glass lit up from behind, and the circular bar, painted a deep blue, has been placed against a wall of mirror glass in the centre of which is a ship's lamp.

One of the novel touches about this bar is a large glass jar filled with different kinds of nuts and almonds. On placing a coin into the slot you are shovelled out a portion of nuts. One of these machines was recently installed in a private bar in England and proved an amusing touch. It gave the bar just that touch of commercialism which gives anything of this kind, when it is installed in a private house, an added piquancy. Incidentally it helped the host to entertain his guests in a very economical manner!

The WORLD of WOMEN — (continued)

A VOGUE IN LUXURIES

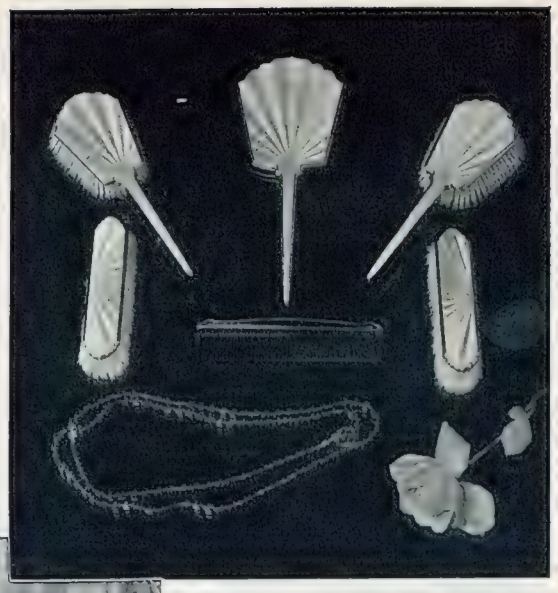
— The Treatment of the Dressing-Table —

By HAZEL MORTIMER

Though we are living in an age of simplicity, there are ways in which a woman may revel in luxury, and one of them is on her dressing-table, for never before has there been such a vogue for luxurious fitments, almost jewels in themselves. And on the table of the modernist one finds these fitments in exquisite pastel shades of enamel, set in gold, silver, or made in tortoise-shell and inlaid with gold or silver, and bottles of exquisite glass arranged to form a perfect finish to the beautiful simplicity of the bedroom.

One has come to regard these personal possessions as works of art, which express the individuality of the owner, and in sheer beauty of line and colouring one could not find a surer way of expressing taste and refinement.

Straight simplicity the furniture may be, the walls may be simple and plain too, and the carpet patternless; but it is on the dressing-table that one turns to find richness and colour nowadays. This is where the "luxury" feature rests — where the right note of colour is to be found which shows the owner's taste.



These beautiful dressing-table requisites are carried out in enamel and silver gilt and may be obtained in a wide variety of colours. From Mappin and Webb

A blue Morocco leather dressing-case lined with silk and fitted with a complete set of toilet accessories in silver gilt and enamel. From Mappin and Webb of Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street

Pictures by Millar and Harris

Two perfume bottles of exquisite cut-glass with silver spray tops. From Mappin and Webb

On entering a room one's attention is immediately turned towards the dressing-table where one expects to find richness anyway. It is always worth while making a careful choice of these intimate belongings. They have such a distinct decorative value apart from their intrinsic value.

In the latest travelling-cases and dressing-table accessories one can at least choose things which combine the essentials as decreed by the powers that be—beauty and utility. All modern designers of this century seem to have concentrated upon those two points when creating the beautiful fitments shown.

Some of these contemporary fittings depend solely on the gold itself for richness, while others are wonderfully chased and engraved and inset with beautiful enamels.

There are tortoise-shell sets, inlaid in silver, with perfectly plain backs, and others with design in its most refined form, both delicate and in the best possible taste. An original travelling-case which I saw recently had its fitments made of ivory inlaid with shagreen, whilst another was shagreen mounted in silver gilt. Artistry in its finished form is seen in these modern dressing-table services, and, nowadays, there is no need for things of nondescript character and of uninteresting colouring to find their way on to any dressing-table.

Rich and luxurious are the sets found in bedrooms where the owner realizes the real decorative value of her fitments; and the jewel-boxes themselves are works of art, and nearly as valuable as the jewels inside, the shapes following the modern trend of things. Each dressing-table expresses the individuality of the owner—if she but has her way.

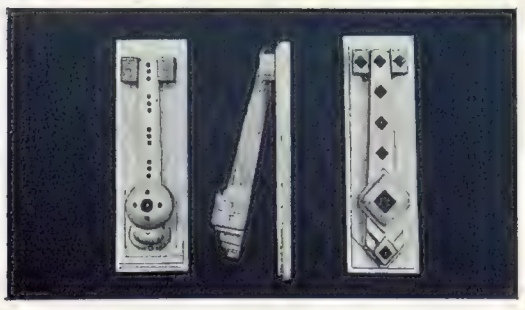
KNOCK . . .

with knockers like these

By VIOLET KING

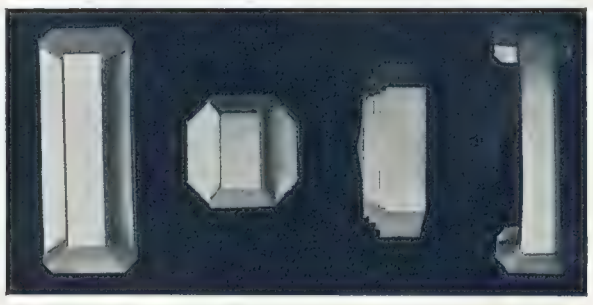
A door-knocker, being one of the necessities of every home, should call for special attention, but is at times a forgotten detail. It should at all times be restful and refined in feeling, and in sympathy with the bricks, stone, and wood of the door and the exterior. It may not always be possible to let it be an expression of personal taste, for naturally it has to be the same period as the door, whether ancient or modern.

A knocker in the form of a human figure, mermaid, bird, or animal may adorn a modern door, but it should be so designed that it is entirely in keeping with the door, and it should serve its purpose, not be merely a decoration. It should also be made of the same wood.



For modern oak doors. These original knockers are designed in weathered oak and inlaid with Macassar ebony

The history attached to many antique knockers is very interesting. Brass has been in use from a very remote period of history. In the days of Elizabeth many things were made of brass, especially household things, which were more often than not hidden away in old chests. But of all the lovely things that were made the old-fashioned brass lanterns were the most quaint.



Latest ideas from Paris in door furniture, designed entirely in keeping with modernist architecture. Louis Gigou, Paris

Knockers have been used frequently in various periods of history, and replicas of every period are used to-day, or practically every period. A knocker of fame is that of the sacristy door in Bruges Cathedral. Many old churches are rich in door-knockers of great antiquity.

Often, in early days, the striker of the knocker was used for two purposes—that of handle and knocker. During the fifteenth century the Germans were making some very elaborate iron door-knockers, which showed perfect workmanship and design. Of the late seventeenth century interesting specimens are shown in the Birmingham Museum.

Knockers designed by those master craftsmen, Sherton and Adam, have always had a great vogue. Reproductions, correct in detail, are right and proper on reproduction Georgian doors in modern houses. The Sheraton period composed lions' masks, stars, and other patterns. Copies are made from museum specimens which are hard to distinguish from the antique.

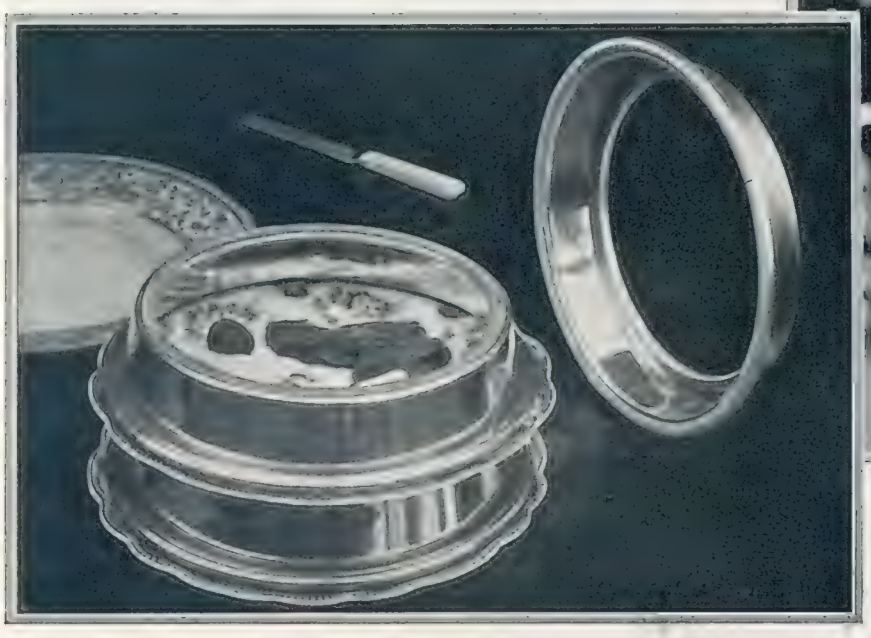
A Spanish 17th century knocker now in Victoria and Albert Museum

The WORLD of WOMEN——(continued)

The "Three-in-one" is no ordinary tray, but bed, breakfast, and reading-table all in one. Here it is seen as a tray. It comes from Whiteley—and costs 12s. 6d.

—By unfolding the legs and lifting the centre panel it becomes a rigid bookstand, leaving room for smoking accessories, etc.

"Freezovac," from Gamage is a handy little portable freezer that, complete with stand, costs 20s. It makes delicious ice-creams without ice



Those who are often unavoidably late for meals will welcome these patent food-covers which keep food hot on a plate for a long time. They are useful, too, for sick-room trays, or at any time when food is carried. Price 2s. 9d. each (Harrods)

The "Ideal" window washer, 4s. 6d. (Whiteley), is a real labour-saver. Charged with water, it washes with one side and dries with rubber on the opposite side

On right—When hands are full a touch with the foot opens the lid of this refuse bin. The galvanized lining lifts out from the japanned case. Its cost is 13s. 6d. from Gamage's

The "Squeez-Ezy" self-wringing mop at 5s. 11d. (Gamage) saves time and spares your hands. It is simple to manipulate

This novel, small electric table cooker costs only 9s. 6d. (Whiteley). It is a great boon to busy people, who thus ensure rashers, eggs, etc., being cooked to a turn

HOUSEHOLD ACCESSORIES

The WORLD of WOMEN——(continued)

A VERY YOUNG LADY OF FASHION

SCHOOLTIME: Wearing a plain beige coat of a light woollen material with a beige straw hat to match trimmed with a narrow brown ribbon. From Gorringe's

PLAYTIME: And now a simple cotton frock, carried out in a red and white check design, with shady sunbonnet. The collar and cuffs of the frock are edged with a frilling. Marshall and Snelgrove's

On left—

PARTY DAYS: Here she wears a pale blue taffeta frock which has a lace collar and a panel of frilled lace in the front of the skirt. Both the frock and the Cenci doll come from Marshall and Snelgrove's

"MARY, MARY . . .": In a charming frock of pale yellow organdie, besprigged with flowers, and a straw hat threaded with ribbon and trimmed with daisies, she waters her garden. Marshall and Snelgrove's

Pictures by PETER NORTH

"IT'S BEDTIME NOW": The small pyjamas are carried out in tobralco. The colour chosen here is a pale shade of pink, but they can be bought in various other shades from Gorringe's

ENJOY A REALLY REFRESHING INTERVAL

by choosing the ideal form of non-intoxicating drink for social games, Schweppes Ginger Ale. Satisfies the increasing demand of cultured people for a lively non-alcoholic refreshment of distinction and guaranteed quality

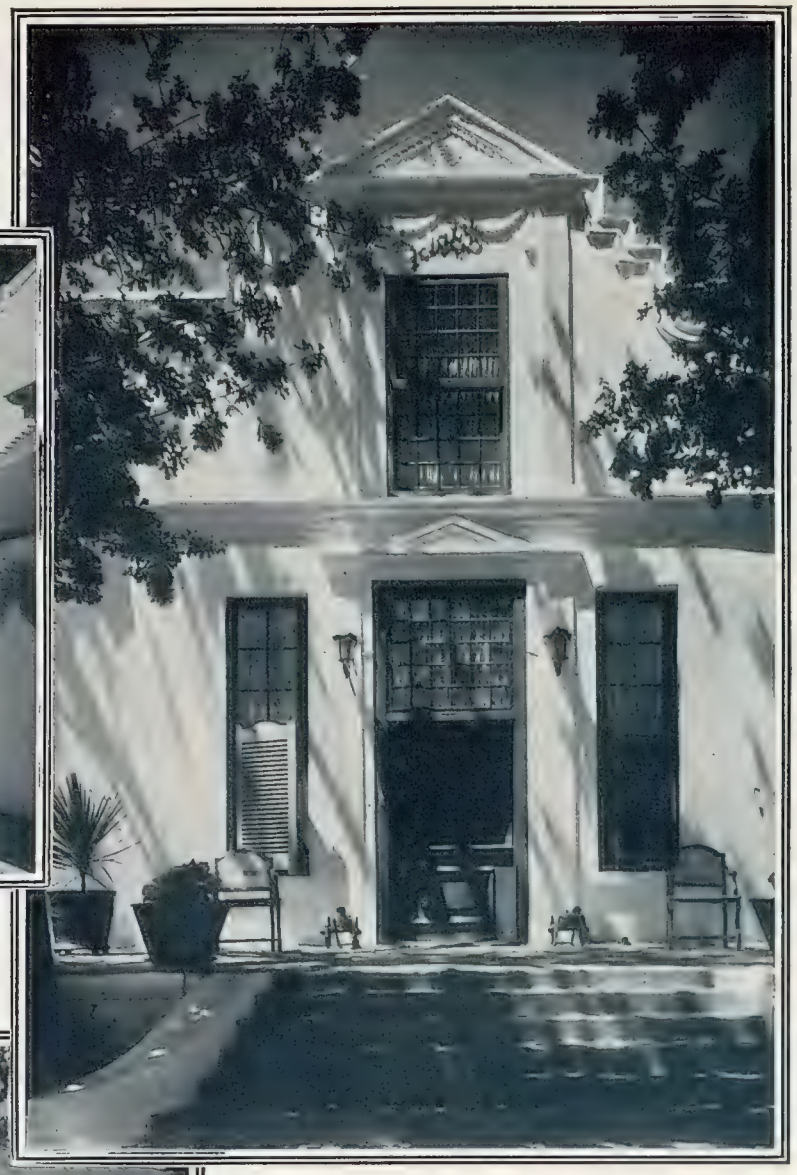
FOR THE CAR: *Motorists can obtain Schweppes Ginger Ale (also Tonic Water and Lemonade) in convenient cartons containing 3 large bottles or 6 small bottles, complete with Crown cork opener.*

Schweppes GINGER ALE

Also order—SCHWEPPES SODA WATER . TONIC WATER . GINGER BEER . LEMON SQUASH . CIDER . ETC.

The Charm of the Old Dutch House : Parel Vallei (Pearl Valley)—a Lovely Homestead of the Cape.

THE NEW WING : This includes the atrium. The crazy paths are a feature of this part of the house

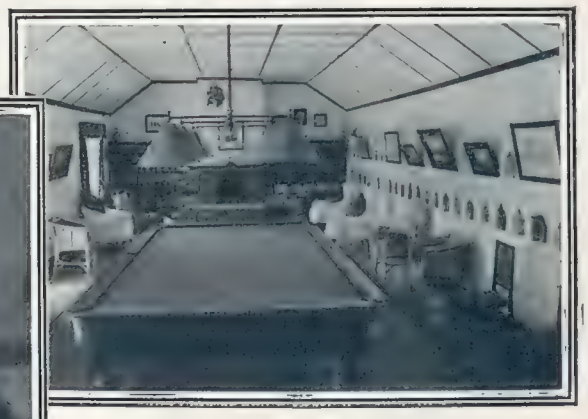


THE FRONT ENTRANCE : The graceful gable and the lanterns add considerably to the already very attractive ensemble

THE ORIGINAL WINE CELLAR : The flowing lines of the walls are characteristic of the finest period of Dutch architecture

Willem van der Stel, the Governor of the Cape in 1706, was accused, by conspiracy, of building a palace of unauthorized magnificence for his own occupation, and there living in princely style while oppressing the burghers. Alarmed at any such suggestion, the Directors of the Dutch East India Company recalled him and banished him for ever. Parel Vallei, or Pearl Valley, occupied by the ill-fated Governor's brother, is a small but beautiful house. Mr. James Head, the present owner, acquired the property some eight or ten years ago, and has been busy ever since restoring and preserving all that could be so reclaimed. The house faces False Bay and the open sand-dunes. The front entrance with its fine door and centre gable is a fine example of the best of Dutch architecture. The thatched roof has been restored, and

THE DUCK-POND WALL : The pond, insanitary and offensive, was impossible to preserve. It has now become the billiards-room. The hen-coops are filled with books



LIBRARY AND BILLIARDS-ROOM : This stands on the site of a duckpond. The original hen-coops are used to hold books

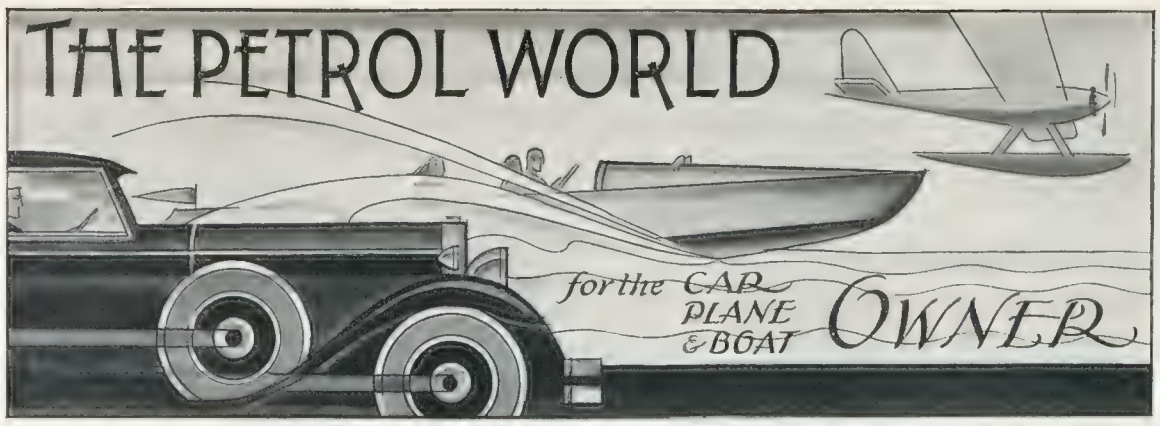
the old Slave Bell is still rung at meal-time. There is also a cannon which was found on the hill-side and was probably there even before van der Stel. The billiards-room which is extremely modern is, however, unique in itself, for this was the site of the duck-pond and hen-coops. These were in such close proximity to the house as to be both distasteful and insanitary. The quaint hen-coops were in a double tier round the wall. Making use of all this, the present owner utilizes the hen-coops for books, and the old gateway in its original arch is the door which gives access to the beautiful sunken garden with crazy-pavement for paths and a centre lily pond. The kitchens, part of the old structure, have floorings which are both ant-proof and rat-proof. The atrium, which is part of the new wing, is charming with its wrought-iron gateway and crazy-paths, together with its gable copied from the more severe style of Dutch architecture.

The South African Holiday.

A noted medical authority writing recently of sea-voyaging, as the true antidote of city life, described it as a rhythm of living, of eating and of sleeping, which in turn induces a rhythm of thinking. There is a monotony in ocean travel which may oppress at first but later heals and soothes. The restful influence of ocean horizons and the invigorating effects of sea air, day after day, replenish mind and body alike.

It is these benefits of sea-voyaging that have helped to bring the South African Holiday into such general favour, but the ocean trip is merely a prelude to the fuller change of climate, scenes and interests in this Dominion of sunshine, health and happiness.

"Holiday Tours in South Africa" is an informative little book on this new field of travel which will be gladly sent post free *on application to:—The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, and the leading Tourist Agencies.*



Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

THE PETROL WORLD'S GREATEST LOSS.—The death of Sir Henry Segrave has cast a gloom all over the whole motoring world, in fact I cannot recall the death of any other well-known racing motorist which, first of all, was so unexpected, and then evoked such universal grief. More often than not the passing of a seeker of speed goes unnoticed amongst the general public, but Sir Henry's death seems to have become the concern of the whole world. This, of course, is quite natural, because Sir Henry was a man whose make-up differed in many respects from that of the general racing driver. He was not only a man of extremely keen and skilful judgment where the driving of a car was concerned, but he also combined his practical abilities with an unusual amount of technical knowledge.

We have many examples of the excellent driver who, when trying a car, finds that it will not do the speed he expects and is at a total loss to explain to his technical staff what is likely to be out of adjustment. Sir Henry, however, could always work in collaboration with his technical experts, and was in a position to transfer to them the why's and wherefore's of things that did not work in practice. He was also outstanding in his modesty. I have heard him make many speeches on occasions of celebrations after he had done great achievements and without exception his first and last words during speeches were to give credit to those who helped to give him the success he gained. He laid particular emphasis on the fact that his mechanics, the men who designed not only the car but the hundred and one little bits which were all called upon to do their part, were apt to become forgotten in the shouts of praise and the haloes of glory that were meted out to him. It is not everybody who, when they meet success, endeavours to allot the majority of the praise to his helpers. Again, many of those who do say such things very often do not mean them, but in Sir Henry's case his words were always carefully weighed and thoroughly sincere.

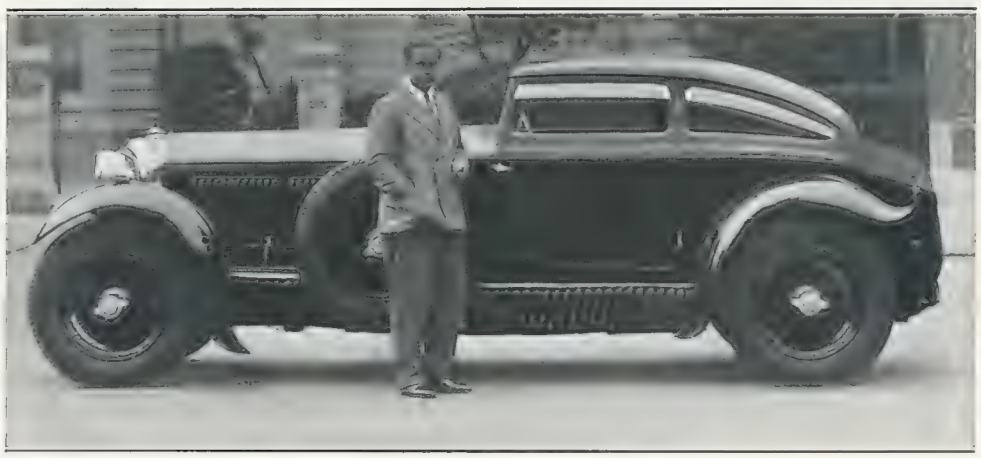
FALSE IMPRESSION OF SAFETY.—The general public were, I think, of the opinion that having given up all thoughts of re-entering the motor-racing world he had, by taking up motor-boating, adopted a safer occupation. It is easy perhaps to understand that the popular opinion imagines that racing a motor-boat at a hundred miles an hour, or flying a seaplane over the water, is much safer than travelling at the same speeds on land. Water, however, does not yield much when struck by any ordinary object at high speed, and not only are there risks of injury as one might collect in a crash on land but there is also the added danger of drowning. If anyone queries my statement that water is a hard substance, they have only to ask any friend of theirs who has made a flat dive whilst bathing off a board even three feet high.

Another trait in Sir Henry's character was his modesty and his ability to stand success. How often do we find a man or woman completely ruined and changed in character through being successful. Whereas nine people out of ten can stand adversity and poverty, there is scarcely one in ten that can remain unaltered through experiencing the success. In spite of having honours showered on him after regaining the World's Land Speed Record, he could still chat informally and confidentially with his friends as he used to do when he was practically unknown. Not only has this country lost a very valuable citizen, but the motor-racing world is now bereft of its acknowledged leader.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.—I was not surprised to find that the coroner during the inquest raised the old query "Was it worth while?" I have heard the words expressed by people who ought to know better. They say there is no sense whatever in trying to travel at 100 miles an hour on the water, 250 miles an hour on the land, or 400 miles an hour in the air. The usual argument is thrown out that no one in their senses wants to travel at these speeds, but of course such a statement, though quite true, has little or no bearing on the subject under discussion. It might interest my readers to know that in 1899 the world-famous racing driver Jenatzy held the World's Land Speed Record with a speed of 41·42 miles per hour. I have no doubt whatever that when this astounding feat was accomplished many people wrote to the papers, discussed amongst their friends, and probably even petitioned the Government requesting that this absurd speed should no longer be attempted, and that no one in their right senses would ever wish to travel so fast. People fifty years hence will probably say exactly the same things about the record holders in their time, and will look at the speeds which we now consider quite dizzy as ordinary. This just shows how foolish it is for people now living to say that any speed which man has attained at the moment can possibly be without value, and reckless, because the high speed of to-day becomes the average speed of to-morrow. Lives will be lost in this particular line of progress, because I am afraid that in such pioneer work we can never get absolute safety, try as we will.

I feel quite certain that some of the people who now have started saying that this was another unfortunate case of a life being thrown away probably drive their motor-cars at 40 m.p.h. on the road, and if they are held up by traffic blocks or through other obstacles, immediately attack the authorities in permitting circumstances to arise which made them crawl along for a short distance at 10 m.p.h. Had they been their present age in Jenatzy's time they would have shouted from the housetops that the then marvellous speed of 41·46 m.p.h. was absurd and that no one in his right senses would ever wish to travel at a similar speed.

There can be no progress standing still. We must progress by advancement, and if this nation had not citizens to carry on the work of pioneers such as Sir Henry, then it would be a sure sign that we are on the downward path. If Sir Henry's records are beaten, and no doubt they will be in the course of time, then not only do I hope, but I know, that some other Britisher will respond and endeavour to regain the records Sir Henry himself would no doubt have attempted had he still been alive.



The Speedster's Speedster : A particularly striking body on a Speed Six Bentley chassis built for Captain Woolf Barnato, who won the Double Twelve at Brooklands this year. He is seen alongside his car

A CATASTROPHE AVERTED.—I was caught the other day without a fire extinguisher on my car, and fortunately for me when the fire did occur the car was still on my drive. I have always made a Pyrene part of my equipment, but some months ago when I bought a new car I was unable to transfer my Pyrene from the old one because the purchaser of the latter, having seen it, flatly refused to allow me to remove it. He had a trial run with the Pyrene in position and I foolishly had not mentioned it to him that it was my desire to transfer it to my new model. No argument that I could use would make him alter his decision, and as I was anxious for him to buy the car, I had to let my Pyrene go with it. Good resolutions to have another one fitted to my present mount were immediately framed, but it was not until the other day that I suddenly remembered that I was without my companion. The carburetter caught fire and was blazing furiously when I suddenly remembered that I had a fire extinguisher of a fair size in the house, which had been supplied to me by the Pyrene Company. It was what I believe is known as a soda-acid extinguisher, and as it had been residing peacefully in the hall of my house for four years and had never been inspected, as it should have been, I brought it out to the blazing car wondering whether it would operate. Turning it upside down I had not to wait long to discover that it was full of vigour, and in about fifteen seconds the fire was out and the danger of real damage eliminated. It has taught me a lesson because I cannot always arrange to have my car fires in front of my hall door, and I think every other motorist who values his car more than the insurance value of it will follow my advice and fit a Pyrene straight away unless one is already carried. It is all very well reading pamphlets, seeing demonstrations of colossal tanks of oil set on fire, and then seeing them put out as it were to order, but one can only get a true indication of the efficiency of any appliance by actual personal experience. I had it on this occasion, and I have been fortunate enough to prove the value of Pyrenes before, so that when I have one on my present car I shall derive a feeling of confidence that print or arranged demonstration could not bestow.

FOR THE BOAT OWNER.—I have just received a copy of a *Cruising Guide*, which has been published to assist owners of Thornycroft motor-boats or engines in cruising round the coasts or on inland waterways. It also shows how widespread is Thornycroft's system of service in co-operation with their agents in the coastal ports. Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., will be happy to post copies if readers will quote the type and number of their Thornycroft engine. Having published only a limited number of this first edition the company regret they will be unable to entertain requests from other owners at present.

Mr. S. C. Newton has been invited to join the board of Messrs. Wyndham Marine Patents in the capacity of managing director, and since this offer is one of advancement Sir William Letts has consented to release him from the control of his London business. Mr. Newton has handed over the control of the London business of Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., to Mr. J. K. Starley, who is well known in the motor trade, and is the late managing director of the Rover Company.

On the Welsh Marches : A Singer Light Six in a delightful old-world setting of broken half timber and thatch at Four Crosses, near Shrewsbury

THOROUGH METHODS FOR THOROUGHBREDS.—It is common knowledge that when a car is new, the oil in the crank-case should be drained off and replenished by fresh lubricant after a few hundred miles. The reason for this, of course, is that however "clean" a new casting may be there is necessarily an amount of grit and other impurities which mixes with the oil when the engine is first run and forms a mild grinding paste. If the oil is drained out, most of this abrasive goes with it, and after further drainings and replenishments the interior of the engine becomes relatively clean. The manufacturers of Rolls-Royce cars, however, employ a method which removes these impurities in the preliminary engine tests. When an engine is assembled it is placed on a test-bed and is run in gently under its own power. It is not

(Continued on following page)

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"motored" in by external power, for this reverses the stresses. Also running of this sort is unnecessary with a Rolls, for everything is built to such limits of accuracy that the unit is perfectly free before it has fired at all. This early test is carried out for two reasons: (1) to obtain a surface polish on all the working parts, and (2) to scour the crank-case of all impurities.

100-GALLON OIL-SUMP!—The second purpose is achieved by the simple method of lubricating the engine from the "main" rather than from its own crank-case. A supply tank containing hundreds of gallons of oil is connected to the engine pump, and the lubricant then follows its usual course, finally draining out from the bottom of the crank-case. There is thus a continuous flow of fresh, cool oil which removes all impurities in its passage through the engine. The used oil is collected and transferred to a centrifugal "separator" very similar to that by which cream is separated from milk. The purified oil then goes to the main supply tank and the residue is cleaned out of the separator. This sludge has the appearance of ordinary valve grinding paste, and one has only to examine it to appreciate the damage it would do to the bearings, pistons, cylinder walls, etc., if it were left inside the crank-case. It is interesting to note that during this preliminary test, which occupies four hours, the engine is run on coal gas instead of on petrol. This is convenient to use, and it has the merit that it allows speeds of as low as 300 r.p.m. to be obtained. Were petrol used at such low speeds it would wash the oil from the cylinder walls, no matter how perfect the carburation, and would thus impair the lubrication system.

HUMBER-HILLMAN.—The Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, Minister of State for the Dominions, and the Right Hon. S. M. Bruce, ex-Premier of Australia, recently paid a visit of inspection to the Humber and Hillman works at Coventry. After seeing the vast work of reorganization which is now approaching completion, and after inspecting the various models, particularly the Humber Snipe and the Hillman Straight-Eight. Mr. Thomas addressed the great assembly of workers during their dinner hour.

In the course of an extremely witty and forceful speech he said that there was no solution to the problem of unemployment except by getting more customers for our products. "Road work," he continued, "for which I sanctioned an expenditure of one hundred million pounds, can be but a temporary relief The real problem is to find permanent employment for the technical craftsmen whose skill has contributed so much to the traditional excellence of British workmanship. We are not handicapped for brains, skill, energy, or willingness to work, but merely because we have not applied ourselves to the changed conditions of to-day. Last year the world production of cars was 60,000,000 of which Great Britain only contributed 211,000. The Dominions and Colonies took 600,000; 85 per cent. of these were American, and of the remaining 15 per cent. not all were British. During the last 15 years the average return on capital in the American motor industry was 17½; in our industry over the same period there were only two concerns which paid any dividends at all. That is why I am so impressed with what I have seen at the Humber works, both in the cars and the shops themselves. There is no industry that offers such great opportunities for employment. I congratulate this firm on its foresight and on the progress made towards reduced cost and increased production which alone are the foundations of permanent prosperity."

THE DENTIST'S CHAIR: Dr. Guy, the Dean of the Dental Hospital, Edinburgh, with the new Willys Knight Light Six which he has just acquired

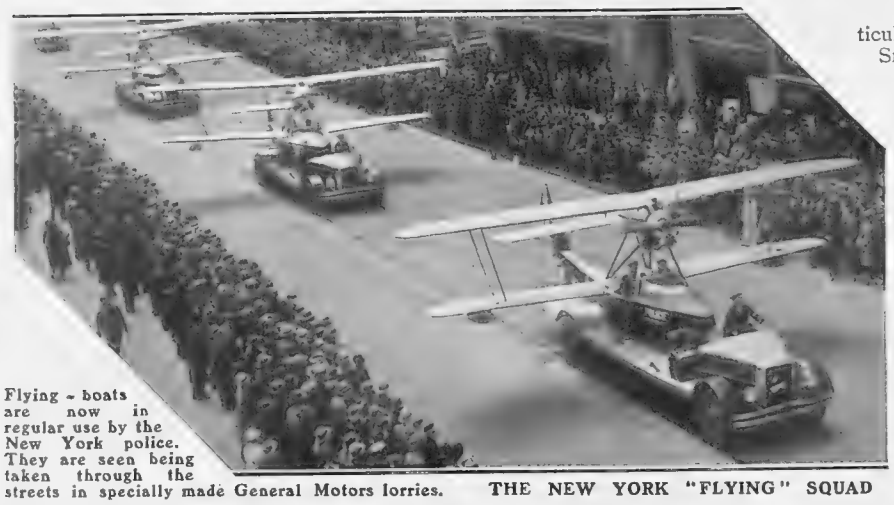
THE PETROL WORLD

by

A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from preceding page

WHERE BRITAIN LEADS.—Just before going to press the glorious news of the Bentley triumph at Le Mans has come to hand. The superb self-sacrifice, in the interests of his team, of Captain H. R. S. Birkin; the magnificent heroism of Mr. S. C. H. Davis, who drove for miles with glass from broken goggles in his eye; and the superlative driving of Capt. Woolf Barnato and Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston, constitute an epic. All honour to Carriacola, the driver of the super-charged Mercédès-Benz. He drove a gallant race. I will deal with the race in detail next week.



Flying-boats are now in regular use by the New York police. They are seen being taken through the streets in specially made General Motors lorries.

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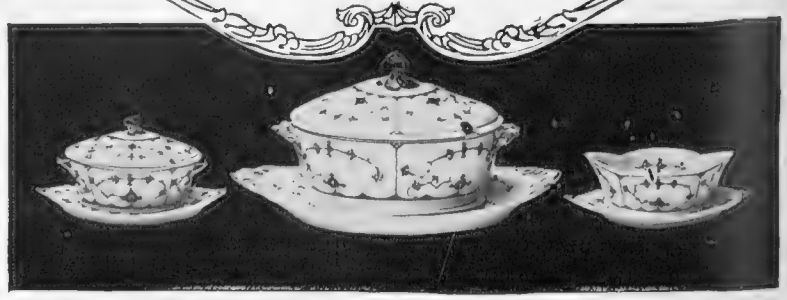

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Lady's Dressing Case in polished Morocco leather lined moire antique with Sterling Silver Gilt and Enamel Fittings, and Cut and engraved Glass Bottles.

Size 16 × 13 × 5¼ inches.

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The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have recently considerably extended the department devoted to Travelling Bags and Cases, and the Case shown is taken from the collection that embraces unfitted cases, costing a few pounds, to the gold-fitted crocodile leather Case at £400. A complete range of Cases for every possible purpose at various prices will be found displayed at 112, Regent Street, W. 1

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NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE

WIMBLEDON, June 23.

Borotra is here, *béret* and smile well to the fore, agility quite as much in evidence as in the days gone by. Not content with an adequately strenuous match against Crosbie (Ireland), Jean took his *béret* and his smile to another court and played a practice game with the lady champion. He won it despite his chivalrous calling of his own faults and his abstaining from charging the net. Possibly Jean is sure of his "wolli" but wants to practise his ground strokes. These have improved by half-fifteen over his last year's standard. Possibly because he was not going to the net, I did not see one foot-fault. On a net-cord shot in his favour he called "Ah! Ai em tu lükkai!" Strange, the atmosphere of chivalrous courtship a Frenchman brings to the court! Mrs. Wills-Moody seems since her marriage to be less impenetrably aloof than she was last year. She favours a vivid lipstick. To-day she looks as if she has been fed on strawberries and cream.

Cochet is also here. Amazing man! Drawn against a champion in the first round; two sets to one against him—and still he doesn't sparkle—to the audience. But I wonder if Timmer did not curse those lack-lustre, soft, short shots played with uncanny precision, near enough to be got, far enough to call for effort.

Below—ECLIPSE OF THE "MOON": A seeded player falls in the first round to the racquet of Wilmer Allison (U.S.A.). Balls this year are kept in a refrigerator to preserve an even temperature

WIMBLEDON: FIRST DAY.

Good play and bad ball-boys; thrills and Wills mark the opening of "Tennis Fortnight"

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

ALL COURTS IN PLAY: Those who demand only the cream of tennis appear only during the last week. They miss many good matches and so delightful a sight as this, when Wimbledon is at its best

The wrist-work of Abé was beautiful, his drop shots a model; but the loser played for the first three sets a glorious game. "Better than the Centre Court to watch" was a frequent comment; and the generous friendliness, the keen, clean fight was in the best tradition of the game. A word of praise to the umpire of this match—a countryman of Abé's. His clarity to the ear, his quickness in calling in a language not his own, were models worthy of emulation.

The umpires are also here. But while the courts are almost perfect, though the service lines show brown, and the play the best in the world, the umpiring in general leaves much to be desired. A change of umpire is always a trial to players in a strenuous match; surely if every shot were to be his last can endure a five-set match so well, though he did not have to play one against his first-round opponent.

Those who stayed to the bitter end had two fine matches to watch. J. S. Oliffe in the final set against B. D. Helmore was invincible. Though the loser was "whacked to the wide," the younger man was crackingly severe; and on a neighbouring court, T. Abé, the Japanese, was playing D. H. Williams, a stocky army-type of player with a shattering forehand and a devastating backhand.

Henri is unquestionably the master . . . *cher maître*.

G. M. Lott is also present. Genial, his shoulders bulky 'neath his tight-fitting short-sleeved sweater, hitting a hard but highish ball, one heard his "Shaht" ringing out courts away. Dr. Spencer has a similar intonation, but the word is spoken in a less piercing tone!

Big Bill is here—too much here for the patient, imperturbable Fyzee. But it is the chop all the time from Tilden these days; the drive is only rarely seen. And too many of his returns of service found the net. Fyzee, notoriously a slow player of the Sleem type, actually aced the big American in the final set—an outright winner, to which Tilden could not get his racquet. The winning (backhand) shot of the match, however, was the real Tilden. This year his forehand is his weaker wing. Challengers please note!

In the first moments of the Morpurgo match the tennis was very indifferent. Ste. Croix looked to be the better of the two. The Italian, however, soon established his supremacy, though he seems still to suffer from Wimbledonitis—a complaint only too prevalent to-day.

First-comers to Wimbledon, if they did not see Cochet and Allison win over Timmer and Moon, were somewhat disappointed at the rather indifferent stuff to be seen; but the Kingsley-Crole-Rees match was good. The short, spare figure of the victor was all over the court. It is strange that a man who looks as if his one undertakes to hold the book one should switch, if switch one must, after, not during a set.

The ball-boys are also here. A more indolent, slack, careless, sloppy set of youths I have never seen. Balls were left on the court. Servers had to wait to be fed. Signals were made from ball-boy to ball-boy during rallies. More than one was guilty of kicking (with marked inaccuracy) balls off the court. Anything more irritating to the spectators and maddening to the players cannot be imagined.

After the first day I still adhere to my prognostication of last week. I do *not* think any team can beat one of the American pairs in the doubles. Brugnon was not convincing to-day. I. G. Collins (admittedly not a singles player) went down badly to his brother W. A. R. I do *not* think Austin will get past Cochet, even if he goes so far, although his smashing in the last set to-day was infinitely better than I have ever seen it before. I do *not* think anyone will touch Helen Wills-Moody in singles. Still less do I think that she will play well enough in ladies' doubles to get to the final. In the mixed I still think it is anybody's game. If Gregory gets to the final in both his doubles events he may win the first one played, but I doubt if he will win them both. If he has a rest before the mixed he may pull it off with Miss Ryan.

Finally, I do NOT think Tilden will reach the final.

Did I mention Borotra is here?

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KANGCHENJUNGA

By MAJOR KENNETH MASON

(Continued from p. 670)

In Bauer's modest account, published in the *Himalayan Journal*, he says: "We were now ready to start the real assault." The knowledge that they had once reached the crest was a great moral asset. Camp VII was pitched at a height of 18,700 ft., and on the 16th, after several days of heavy step-cutting, Bauer, Kraus, and Beigel conquered the spur for the second time.

The route now turned westwards along the crest of this spur and a track had to be cut over, across, and even through the giant ice pinnacles that barred the way. Ice-caves were cut at Camps VIII, IX, and X, the last of which was established at a height of 23,288 ft. on October 2. The next day Allwein and Kraus, during a reconnaissance from this point reached a height of 24,272 ft., and six Bavarians and three porters were concentrated at Camp X for the assault of the easier slopes beyond.

But Kangchenjunga, like Everest, has weapons in her armoury which, if she chooses to use them, render her invincible. On the night of the 3rd she brought out all these weapons—a bitter wind, a blizzard, and intense cold; and with these reserves she fought the climbers for four days. To economize supplies the upper camp had to be reduced, and four climbers started down. A final attempt to advance on the 6th showed, however, that success was now impossible. On the 7th the snow-fall was terrific; within the twenty-four hours at least 6½ ft. of new snow fell, and all three parties were isolated on the mountain.

It is almost impossible to conceive the difficulties of the descent. The highest party, with Allwein in front, porters Keddar and Passang in the middle, and Bauer in the rear, all heavily laden, started to force a way down through the drifting snow. At one point Allwein, at another Allwein and the two porters were carried away by starting avalanches; on both occasions these avalanches were expected, and Bauer, on the end of the rope, held the others. The cave at Camp IX was deeply buried in the snow, and further advance was checked by the ice-pinnacles. Half the loads were then east over the edge to the Zemu Glacier 5,000 ft. below. A track was re-cut over the pinnacles, and after two more days Camp VIII was reached.

Thus ended the third attack on Kangchenjunga; a brilliant attempt which, but for bad luck with the weather, might well have succeeded. It is too early to detail the experiences of Dyrenfurth's expedition this year. A change of plan at the last minute owing to permission to enter Nepal being received, led to this international attempt being made in the north-western quadrant, the line of communication to which is long and dangerous and liable to be cut by bad weather at the Kang La. The advantage of climbing on the north of Kangchenjunga is lost if the communications traverse the southern ridge. We cannot yet say definitely whether the mountain is impregnable from the north-west; at the moment it looks as though the "Munich Spur" is the only feasible line of attack. Nevertheless Kangchenjunga will yield one day.

MAIL AND FEMALE! Women are, despite their innate conservatism, rapidly becoming as air-minded as men. A lady is seen above posting a letter in one of the air mail letter-boxes newly erected in the London streets. They are painted a distinctive blue

REHEARSAL TIME at COVENT GARDEN

By W. HOLT-WHITE

(Continued from p. 658)

And there are others here behind the back-cloth, others whom the audience never see, being whipped into an equal frenzy. Fornarini, the moss-haired Italian conductor of the stage band, is lashing his "brasses" into madness. A hidden chorus is singing with a wild verve.

In the midst of it all a black and white cat makes a sudden dart for the foot-lights. She is retrieved with swift cunning by the stage-manager. The cat's yowl of dismay rises, staccato, above the blare of noises.

"Don't hurt it, George," says Arnold Perry, the young chorus master. He comes from Manchester.

George shoos the cat away and turns a cold eye upon a stage-hand loafing against a trestle-like affair. The man straightens up and looks at his mate. "Stand by for this 'ere bed," he says.

Yes, it is the bed on which Desdemona is to die.

Then Desdemona comes flying into the wings on the O.P. side. She is bright-eyed and a trifle breathless. Her shapely pink legs are trembling a little. She is feeling, quite genuinely, the stress of Otello's doubt, and the strain of the scene from which she has just passed. Her shining eyes light on the fatal bed.

Suddenly the music ceases, the tumult dies. The great curtains fall with a silken swish. Moor the autocrat, not Otello the Moor, has decreed that Desdemona shall not be strangled that morning.

Reprieved, Desdemona clasps her hands to her still heaving bosom. "Ah!" she cries. "I no die! We ava lunch, good!"

Mr. Moor permits himself a grave smile.

Rehearsal time is over.

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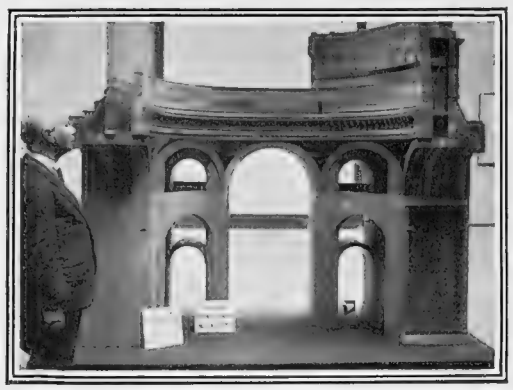
How St. Paul's has been Made Secure

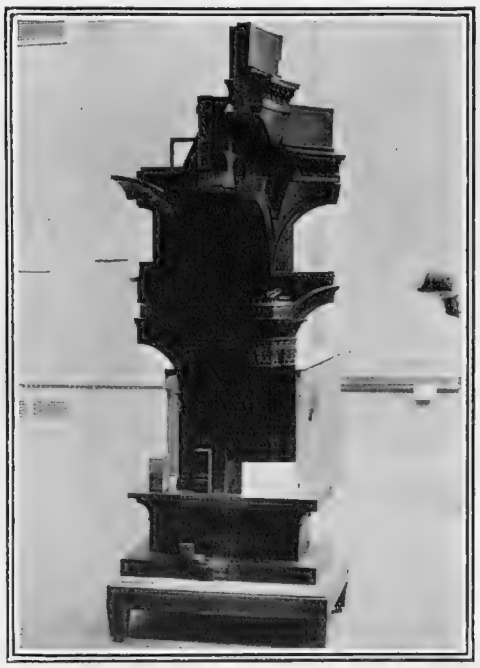
In view of the re-opening of the Cathedral, a visit to the Royal Institute of British Architects, 9, Conduit Street, where there is an exhibition of models, drawings, photographs, and specimens showing clearly the problems that had to be solved and the methods undertaken by the architects and engineers engaged upon the work of restoration, is well worth while. Properly to appreciate the exhibition it is necessary to have some idea of the constitution of St. Paul's—or at any rate of the central part known as the "dome area," upon which the work has been concentrated and this exhibition will help the layman to this desired end



HALF THE DOME AREA: A model showing (i) pier reinforcements; (ii) tension rods through drum walls; (iii) the rods at triforium level; and (iv) the steel chain

IRON REPLACED BY STAINLESS STEEL: The original iron tie-bars have been removed, cutting a minimum of stonework, to be replaced with rods and plates of stainless steel

ENMESHED IN THE WALLS OF THE DRUM: A demonstration of the method of boring previous to the insertion of tension rods in the drum-walls—one of the wonderful models at the R.I.B.A.



FROM THE CRYPT TO THE WHISPERING GALLERY: A section of a dome pier showing the delicately accurate section cuts

SUPPORTING BALL AND CROSS: The model in Caen stone showing the structure at the head of the brick cone running between the inner and outer dome and taking all the super-structural weight

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Corsica, called the "Isle of Beauty," is gradually coming to the front as a tourist centre, due to the energy and enterprise of the P.L.M. Railway and the Steamship Company Fraissinet. Formerly a journey to this enchanted island entailed an uncomfortable sea voyage, poor accommodation in hotels, and difficult and expensive travelling in the interior.

Nowadays this is all altered; one travels from Marseilles or Nice to Calvi or Ajaccio in about six to eight hours in a most comfortable yacht-like steamer, the latest vessel of the Fraissinet fleet, being called the *Isle de Beauté*. She is somewhat unique having been built in Germany at Bremerhaven, with English Parsons' turbines and French boilers. She is a good sea boat, luxuriously fitted up like a yacht, excellent cuisine, and the principal cabins have a hot and cold fresh-water shower-bath. In fact she is eminently suited for a pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean.

The second-class accommodation is also very good. There is good hotel accommodation at reasonable prices at Zonza (Hôtel du Mouflon d'Or) in the centre of the wooded southern part of the island. Piana (Hôtel des Roches Rouges), Calvi (Calvi Paôlace Htel), Bastia (Imperial Palace Hotel), Ile Rousse (Hôtel Napoleon Bonaparte).

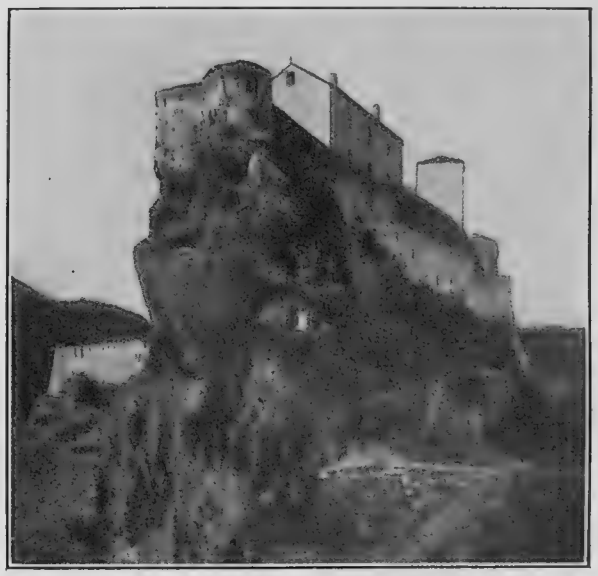
It is not generally known that Corsica was united to Great Britain from 1794 to 1796, and was governed by Sir Gilbert Elliott, afterwards Lord Minto, until it was retaken by Napoleon in 1796.

The principal towns of interest are Calvi, a picturesque fortress which was practically impregnable. Lord Nelson lost his eye during the siege of it in 1794. In the ancient street del Filo, in front of one old house in ruins, a great marble plaque is set in the wall bearing the following inscription:

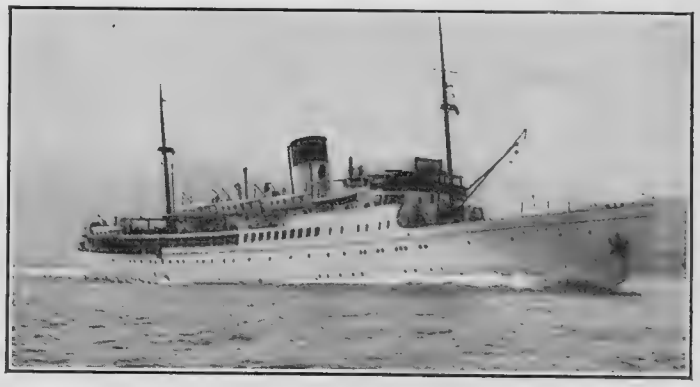
> "Here was born in 1441 Christopher Columbus, immortalized by his discovery of the New World at the time when Calvi was under Genoese domination. Died at Valladolid, May 20th, 1506."

Ajaccio, the capital of the island, made so by Napoleon in place of the ancient capital of Corte, lies in a beautiful bay on the West Coast, and is the seat of Government. Its claim to fame is that Napoleon was born here in 1769. The house is left much as it was in the Emperor's day, with old furniture of Italian and British design, and is well worth a visit.

Bonifaccio is a wonderful old town and fortress perched on a precipitous rock with a very snug deep-water harbour behind the town. Corte, the old capital, is nearly in the centre of the island, and it offers to the tourist a variety of excursions without parallel. The largest town is Bastia, which might be called the commercial hub of the island, but has little to recommend it to the tourist except as starting-point for excellent motor tours.



A GLORY OF CORSICA: The Citadel, Corte, the ancient capital of the island



USED ON THE MARSEILLES-NICE-CORSICA SERVICE: The Isle de Beauté *of the Fraissinet Fleet*

Probably the unique charm of Corsica is its wonderful diversity of sea, mountain, and wooded scenery. The road near the coast offers some of the finest sea views in the world. The forests are composed of European oak, beech, Spanish chestnut, pine, ilex, and cork trees in great profusion, with here and there large areas of the famous maquis, which is composed of various flowering shrubs which forms a matted growth which is almost impossible to penetrate. Many of these plants are highly scented, and the scent can often be detected out at sea, hence the name which has been given to Corsica of "The Scented Isle."

Other scenery consists of rugged cliffs and blood red and green granite rocks, which with the snow-topped mountains and blue and green seas, makes such a riot of colour that is probably unsurpassed in the world.

The motor excursions of the P.L.M. Railway have perhaps done more than anything to enable the traveller of to-day to see this lovely country. The roads are good for a mountainous country, the P.L.M. motor-cars are luxurious and comfortable, and the drivers are the finest experts at their trade that I have ever met.

For a prolonged stay probably the spot to choose is the Hôtel Napoleon-Bonaparte at Ile Rousse not far from Calvi. It is a first-class up-to-date hotel in all respects and reasonable in its prices. You can bathe from the hotel on a clear sandy beach.

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For the first time since its foundation by Queen Juliane Marie of Denmark in 1779 the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, prior to the removal of their London showrooms to more commodious premises, are offering their entire stock for sale at reduced prices; actually the reduction will be 20 per cent. This sale provides an unparalleled opportunity for purchasing delightful wedding or birthday gifts, while collectors, connoisseurs, and all who appreciate charm and beauty will value this chance of adding to their store. Included are numerous examples of the exquisite modelling of many well-known Danish artists expressed in characters from fairy tales, figures of everyday Danish life, animals of all kinds, all of them executed in the distinguished and inimitable style of this famous manufactory. There are also considerable quantities of the celebrated blue fluted hand-painted porcelain, than which there is nothing more charming for tea, coffee, and dinner services.

"OLD MEMORIES REVIVED"

The Battersby Hat Shop has issued a fascinating and charmingly produced brochure entitled "Old Memories Revived," dealing with the history attaching to the locality, Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, in its immediate vicinity. The best story in the book is that of the cockney who said to a yokel standing by the equestrian statue of Charles I, "What are you waiting for?" To which the countryman replied, "I ha' gotten a letter for one Charles Stuart and they tell I thic be he; so I be waiting for'n till he gets off his horse." Northumberland House, St. Martin in the Fields, the Royal Mews, the Nelson Column, together with various Nelsoniana including the sword of the French Admiral Blanquet which Nelson presented to the City of London, Admiralty Arch, the Cenotaph, and Colonial Buildings, all are treated of interestingly in the little booklet whose cover is reproduced on this page. Copies of the book may be obtained from the Battersby Hat Shop, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, or from Messrs. Battersby and Co., Ltd., Stockport.

TO TELL THE TIME

The famous Bond Street House of Mauboussin held last week, and is holding for the next two weeks, a notable exhibition of specimen watches. Nearly one hundred models of the newest and finest design will be on view. There is a watch bracelet in which the watch is of the same width as the straps, a bracelet of rubies with a circular diamond sheath in which is a watch; there are pocket watches which open like travelling-clocks, pendant watches worn as brooches, clip watches attached to the sleeve of a frock; men's watches with tiny faces and watches in alternating gold and osmior (gold and platinum), and a thin evening watch mounted in crystal showing the works in operation.

ITEMS of General INTEREST

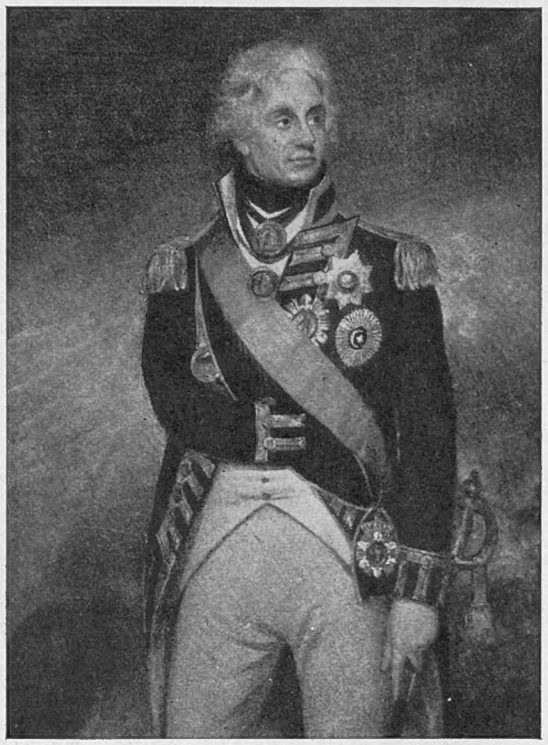
A CORRECTION

In THE SPHERE of June 14, beneath a picture on p. 571, the address of Messrs. Gill and Reigate was given as Oxford Street. The distinguished furniture firm is now situate in George Street, Hanover Square.

RECORDS FOR SUMMER NIGHTS

Some H.M.V. Novelties and New Artists

The mid-June supplement of "His Master's Voice" records is made up of just such entertaining efforts as go to form an ideal programme for a summer evening in the garden or on holiday. To begin with, the greatest of all 'cellists, Pablo Casals, extends our collection of his recorded triumphs with two richly melodious renderings of Chopin, the Nocturne in E Flat and Prelude in D Flat. A most welcome contribution comes from the Berlin State Opera Orchestra with Mendelssohn's fairy light overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and they add the joyous hope-inspiring "Wedding March." The grave and sparklingly gay are blended by the New Light Symphony Orchestra in Herbert's "Irish Rhapsody." Jack Hylton and his Orchestra captivatingly continue their selections of popular ballads, this time dealing with Chappell's publications. Real artistry is revealed in the creation of "Hello 1930!" a potpourri of the tunes of the day delightfully played by Marek Weber and his Orchestra. The charm of Fraser-Simson's music in the "Maid of the Mountain" is fully brought out by the London Palladium Orchestra. Mark Hambourg gives an exquisite performance of Chopin's lovely dance poem, the Valse in A Minor, and he is in turn powerful and tender with Debussy's "La Plus que Lente." Records quite out of the ordinary are accordion solos by a new "His Master's Voice" artist, Phil Baker, and the amazing cornet solos of Del Staigers with Goldman's Band in those two sprightly works "Carnival of Venice" and "Napoli." Bob Macgimsey is a whistling genius in "Mother Machree" and "Sweet Adeline." The unlimited beautiful effects obtainable on the cinema organ are again demonstrated by Jesse Crawford with the "Rhapsody in Blue," featured by Paul Whiteman in the film *The King of Jazz*. A highly attractive set of ditties from *Song of My Heart* is supplied by John McCormack. Peter Dawson's newest pair are "The Darlin' Girl from Clare" and "'Tis I." Stuart Robertson is nobly virile in that famous fighting song "My Sword and I," a hit from *The Three Musketeers*, and by way of a contrast he is the perfect lover with "Ma Belle." Paul Robeson's glorious voice in "Exhortation" and "Hail de Crown" expresses negro spirituals as no one else can.



LORD NELSON: The famous portrait by Sir William Beechey, R.A., in the Guildhall, is reproduced in the cover of "Old Memories Revived," a brochure noticed on this page

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